The STRANGE LIFE and DEATH of STALIN'S WIFE

Liberty

SEPT. 9, 1933

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Ordinary cases yield in from 1 to 7 days

Most authorities agree that dandruff (seborrhoic dermatitis) is caused by a germ. If this is true, the remarkable speed with which Listerine clears up all but the most stubborn cases of loose dandruff is readily understandable. Because Listerine, as you know, is a quick-acting antiseptic, fatal to germ life.

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Dandruff leads to thinning hair

No need to remind you of the consequences of dandruff. It is more than a nuisance and an eyesore. It robs the hair of its life and lustre. Sooner or later the hair begins to fall out, and even baldness may follow.

A few minutes care every day, for a week or less, may save you all that. Simply apply Listerine straight from the bottle. Rub it in. If the hair is excessively dry, add a few drops of castor oil, or olive oil. The results will surprise and delight you!

Remember, healthy hair *cannot* grow in an unhealthy scalp. Use Listerine to get rid of loose dandruff with the same confidence that you use it to kill germs in the mouth and throat! Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE RELIEVES ITCHING SCALP

SEPTEMBER 9, 1933

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BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

THE THRILL OF FLYING

WE are living in a marvelous age—an age that is dramatic, at times glamorous, thrilling.

To fly through the air like a bird has been the ambition of dreamers for ages untold.

This is an automotive age, but we will soon enter the flying age, when airplanes will be as commonplace as automobiles.

The youth of the present generation are air-minded. They all take to flying as a duck takes to water.

And each year flying becomes a safer means of transportation.

With a view to stimulating interest among amateur pilots, Liberty Magazine has agreed to sponsor what is referred to as an Aërial Treasure Hunt.

We expect a hundred or more aërial pirates will start on October 3 from St. Louis to hunt this treasure. These bold adventurers will use airplanes.

This sporting event is one of the many that will make up the National Charity Air Pageant which will be held October 7 and 8 at Roosevelt Field, New York. Cash prizes of nearly $2,000 will be awarded to the twenty pilots scoring the highest points in the competition.

The Treasure Hunt will require four days, and its object will be to find the letters L-I-B-E-R-T-Y spread across the continent between St. Louis and New York.

There are nearly nineteen thousand licensed air pilots in the United States. The Sportsman Pilot Association is sponsoring this coming pageant, which organization has a membership of more than a thousand private flyers. It is to amateur pilots everywhere that the honors and awards of the Treasure Hunt are offered. A beautiful large silver punch bowl suitably inscribed will be given to the flyer scoring the highest number of points.

My principal interest in aviation has been not only the comfort of speedy transportation that it supplies, but there is a magic charm about flying that cannot be defined. You enter a new world when you begin to fly. Even your own home is often difficult to recognize, its appearance from the air is so different.

For nearly three years all my flying was done as a passenger, and then the thought occurred to me, Why shouldn't I have the fun of piloting?

A few lessons enabled me to secure a license as a private pilot and after more than three hundred hours in the air I had no difficulty in securing a license as a transport pilot. The longer I fly the more delightfully interesting it appears to me.

And there is another special reason for interest in aviation. The next war will be fought in the air, and the nation that can furnish the largest number of trained pilots will be properly equipped for defense and offense.

The First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Roosevelt, is Honorary Chairman of this National Charity Air Pageant, and many other prominent people are connected with this important event.

Liberty Magazine will defray the expenses of all contestants, such expenses to include gasoline and oil, hangar rentals, and hotel accommodations from Tuesday, October 3, until Friday, October 6.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

NRA MEMBER U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

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That one keen glance into the hall mirror—as you leave your own home or arrive at that of a friend—that glance flashes this cheerful news:

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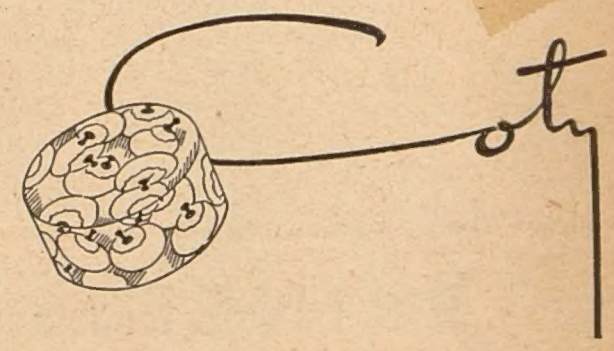
We do know that a great many exquisitely lovely women find Coty Face Powder the best flattery they can buy for their faces. *Quality* governs its every process and ingredient. That is why Coty Powder can be advertised so consistently to the smart readers of this magazine.



BEGINNING—

The Strange Life of Stalin's

A Revelation of Things the World Never Knew Concerning the Mysterious Figure Who Became Red Russia's "Power Behind the Throne"

(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE DEVOTED CHILD

IN Moscow, still and hushed, a funeral procession slowly passes out of the Kremlin gates, headed toward the ancient monastery of Nowodievitch and the cemetery there, where so many glories of the Russia of the past lie buried. Red soldiers precede and follow it and surround the hearse with its coffin over which a scarlet pall has been thrown. A military band plays Chopin's Funeral March; a cavalcade of blue-capped Ogpu Guards form the vanguard. And immediately behind the hearse with its red coffin there walks a man with bowed and bared head and unshed tears glistening in his dark Oriental eyes, a man who for many years has been the center of a picture which today seems to be fading slowly, as he and the hearse he follows and the troops disappear in the winter mist.

Stalin, dictator of Russia. His young wife was his guiding star.

Stalin's wife is dead, is being carried to her grave; and although the world knows it not, another chapter in the history of Russia has come to an end with the life of one whom the official organ of the Soviet government described as having been "infinitely faithful to the Revolution." The fact was that Nadejda Sergeivna Alliluieva not only was faithful to the political cause for which she risked all, but was also the companion devoted until death, the loving and loved wife, the intelligent counselor and friend of the silent, morose, and mysterious man who from his office in the Kremlin rules Russia.

The story of the woman who was laid in her grave is a romance of Red Russia that till now has been somehow withheld from the knowledge of the world.

In this story Nadejda Sergeivna Alliluieva played an important part. One can almost say that but for her it is very much to be doubted whether Stalin, the man of steel, would today be sitting, an absolute dictator and remorseless tyrant, in his chair of state in the Kremlin.

A lot of newspaper articles and a few books have been written about Stalin. Some have been nothing but fairy tales; others represent him in a more or less true light. But in none has his wife been mentioned otherwise than incidentally and inaccurately. She was of a retiring nature, and so unselfishly was she devoted to her consort that she would never have endured for one moment the thought that any of his, in her eyes, glorious deeds might be attributed to her. In that respect she was a perfect type of the Eastern wife, submissive and obedient.

This, however, was for the gallery, for the world. In reality Nadejda Stalin could hold her own with her formidable husband; she could resist him, and she could guide him. Theirs was an extraordinary relationship, as extraordinary as their two natures; it brought about immense results, and it kept in check a man of cyclonic passions who refused to acknowledge obstacles.

Such a man is a danger to any woman who does not have sufficient tact and energy to keep him in hand. Nadejda Alliluieva had them. She was strong, she was honest in her way, and, what was important, she always knew what she wanted, and she loved Stalin beyond all earthly things. She was the only being on earth, according to his own words spoken in confidence to a friend, who "could make him reconsider a decision he had once taken." She was his stay in hours of danger, his helpmate in moments of indecision, and of these he had more than the world knew or suspected. She stayed his hand whenever she thought he might injure himself if he struck.

Innumerable stories have been told about the early years of the Man of Steel. An entire legend has been woven about him, representing him as a revolutionist almost from the hour of his birth, and making out of him a Tiflis *kintos*—which means vagabond—in his childhood. It does not deserve serious attention. Stalin's early life developed itself in quite a normal way. He was the son of a Georgian peasant cobbler called Dzugashvili, and he was born December 21, 1879, named Joseph and nicknamed Zozo. His mother was a very pious, intelligent woman with a strong character, and she wanted her only son to become a priest. With this end in view she tried to give him the best education possible.

She was left a widow when the boy was only eleven, and had to earn her living by sewing. The family lived in a town called Gori, on the railroad to Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus. Gori boasted of a high school. Stalin's mother sent him to the local church school when he was seven years old. He learned well, and was liked by his teachers if not by his schoolmates. Graduating from the elementary school, he easily won a college scholarship. It was after that event that his mother moved to Tiflis from Gori in 1893, when Zozo was fourteen, and succeeded in getting him admitted to the theological seminary.

What I am writing here is the truth, and it is not my fault that it lacks the romantic glamour with which cer-

By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

and Death *of* Wife

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY STOCKTON MULFORD

She put a finger to her lips. "Won't you buy it, please?" At the sound of her voice he nearly jumped. It was Nadya.

tain biographers of Stalin have tried to envelop it. He was not brought by his father, nor were the priests reluctant to accept him as a pupil. All that has been written to the contrary is a fairy tale.

Now, all religious seminaries, not only in the Caucasus but all over Russia, were centers of political agitation. Thrown among young men who were preaching against the existing order, who dreamed of seeing a constitutional system of government replace the corrupt administration of the czars, and who desired to win back the independence of the Caucasus, it is not surprising that Zozo Dzugashvili also became within quite a short time another of these revolutionists whose deeds were twenty-five years later to shake the world. He threw himself so whole-heartedly into work for the cause that his superiors were aroused and he was expelled, much to his mother's distress. She was too poor to send him to another institution. He became a bookkeeper but continued to be a revolutionist. These were years of considerable political agitation in Russia. The entire country was in a state of ebullition, and its youth stood ready for almost anything. In a hundred—nay, in thousands of obscure localities young men and women were preparing themselves for the decisive battle which they knew was not far away, and in March, 1898, nine representatives of secret revolutionary groups met in Minsk and held a secret conference which, under the name of the First Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, became later the mother organization of the Bolshevik movement. It was the first move of the Russian working class as a major political force.

In the Caucasus this self-assertion of the Labor Party

was hastened by the fact that capitalism had come with a rush, due to the development of the oil industry and the construction of new railroads.

The opportunities for employment attracted workingmen from other parts of the empire, especially from St. Petersburg and Moscow. Among them there came to Tiflis a locksmith called Serge Alliluiev, who became at once a friend of Zozo Dzugashvili, and whose daughter the latter was to marry.

It was Alliluiev who first conceived the idea of instituting and organizing in Tiflis workingmen's circles, which became in time the best propagandists of the new gospel of the revolutionary party. The central committee that was established as the directorate of this party still

not say, but almost from the day of her birth Nadya (as she was called) Alliluieva began to play a part in the life of Zozo Dzugashvili.

While he was behind bars the revolutionary movement in Russia became intense. Once more there came into existence an underground Russia. Once more people began living under false passports and going about in disguises; once more hidden printing presses and forged documents were set to work. The leaders of the revolutionists, who began at that time to be called Bolsheviks, changed their names and identification papers almost every day. They managed to correspond with their imprisoned comrades. Lenin began to loom on the horizon as the chief figure of the revolution which awaited the

exists—a central committee of which Stalin is the secretary-general and through which he rules Russia. It was also Alliluiev who advocated street warfare and mass action against the existing government, and through him revolutionary work assumed a new shape. Leaflets printed on secret presses were distributed everywhere. Posters calling for the overthrow of the government appeared. Political demonstrations in the streets became common in all the large cities of the empire.

The police took alarm and started a vigorous campaign against the revolutionists. The Tiflis committee was dissolved and several of its members were jailed. Stalin heard that orders for his arrest had been issued. With the help of Alliluiev he contrived to escape to Batum, on the Black Sea.

It was in Batum that Stalin's revolutionary activity began in real earnest. He led strikes in the plants of Rothschild and Mantashev and organized street demonstrations. But he did it so secretly that when at last he was arrested the police were compelled to release him owing to lack of evidence. This happened in 1901. The year following he was denounced as an active anarchist by a man who had won his confidence. This time there were proofs, and he received a sentence to two years' imprisonment.

In the meanwhile Alliluiev found that life in Tiflis was getting dangerous. He moved to Baku, where he married a Georgian woman who gave him two daughters.

The elder, Nadejda, born in 1902, was to become Stalin's wife.

Alliluiev asked Stalin to be her godfather. He is said to have refused with the words, " If I accept, I can never marry her "—alluding to the marriage laws of the Greek Orthodox Church, which do not sanction a union between a man and a godchild of his. Whether this is true I can-

first favorable opportunity to break out with all its long repressed fury.

It was then, after serving his term, that Zozo Dzugashvili began making use of aliases in order to baffle the police. He was known to his fellow workers and comrades as Koba; then as David, Nizheradze, Vasiliev, and finally Stalin, a name given to him in jest by Lenin.

IT was at this time that a new trait in his character began to appear: a tendency to vacillate. One never knew to which faction of his party he really belonged. But Menshevik or Bolshevik, he was considered by the Russian authorities a most dangerous man, and when the time for his release approached, he was told that he would not be allowed to remain in the Caucasus but would be dispatched for three years to Siberia. This happened in 1903, and he had hardly reached his destination, a village in the Province of Irkutsk, when he succeeded in escaping and made his way back to Baku, the great oil center. At that time the Russo-Japanese War was impending, and popular discontent with the government was assuming dangerous proportions. In December, 1904, a general strike broke out in Baku; its immense oil fields were set on fire and most of the works destroyed. Bloody Sunday, when workmen on their way to present a petition to the Czar were shot down in St. Petersburg, followed, and terrorism began to rage, culminating in the assassination of the Grand Duke Serge, uncle of the emperor and commander of the garrison at Moscow. Russia was in a turmoil. But the insurrection collapsed in spite of its leaders, whose efforts toward the end of 1907 included highway robberies, meant to furnish to the revolutionary party the funds it needed. One of these robberies attracted much attention. A bomb was thrown in Tiflis at a carriage in which the cashier of the State Bank

was transporting 250,000 rubles, and during the confusion which followed the money disappeared. Public rumor accused Stalin, who by that time was living once more in Tiflis, but there was not even the shadow of a proof that he was responsible.

Once more Stalin went to Baku, and once more he was promptly arrested and thrown into prison—the Bayilov prison, reputed one of the most abominable in Russia. There he spent eight months. Before leaving he had a hideous experience.

On Easter Day a riot broke out in the prison. Order was not restored till the next day, when a regiment of infantry arrived. The supposed leaders of this rebellion were tried and sentenced to run the gantlet between rows of soldiers striking them with whips as they passed. This was considered a terrible as well as a disgraceful punishment, and Stalin or Koba was one of those who had to undergo it. It was related of him that he proudly marched along under the rain of blows unmoved, with a book in his hands which he kept reading. I do not believe this, simply because prisoners running the gantlet had their hands bound behind them. But the legend of Stalin's stoicism persisted and won him an immense popularity in his party.

Four months before he had been arrested Stalin had married a Georgian girl who was an active Bolshevik. While he was in jail in 1908 she bore a son, who hardly knew his father because the latter divided his time between exile and prison. He was dispatched once more to Siberia, and once more escaped, making his way to St. Petersburg, where he remained hidden in the apartment of an officer of a guard regiment, and got in touch with the leaders of the Bolshevik party. The St. Petersburg police, however, were more alert than those of Tiflis, and he was arrested. After a few months in prison he was exiled to the Province of Vologda, but again he escaped, and returned to the capital. Now, however, his existence became one of constant fear. He found that wherever he went he was shadowed, and that traps were laid for him everywhere. Sometimes he would spend the entire night walking the streets out of fear of being arrested if he returned to his room in some sordid hotel. At other times he would beg hospitality of a friend and trust that the police had not seen him enter the friend's apartment.

He had, however, one bit of luck. Alliluiev, his faithful follower of other days, was also in St. Petersburg, a foreman in an electrical station. His wife being a Georgian, Stalin spent most of his time with them. Their two daughters, Nadya and Niura, were twelve and ten years old, precocious like all southern girls, beautiful and enthusiastic, and both absolutely devoted to the dark-eyed, morose Zozo Dzugashvili.

It was Nadya who first discovered that he was being followed by the police. Coming home from school, she noticed that two men were pacing the street opposite the house where the Alliluiev family lived, and she guessed who it was they were hunting for. Without saying anything to anybody, she waited for Stalin at the corner and warned him. Cold and hard as Stalin was, he could not help being touched by the devotion of the little girl, who promised to keep watch in the future. This child of twelve and the hardened revolutionist arranged a sort of secret code between them, and soon Nadya found herself carrying messages between him and other members of his party. No one suspected it; she was too young, and looked even younger than her years.

IN SIBERIA, IN THE LENA GOLD FIELDS, A STRIKE WAS SUPPRESSED BY SOLDIERS SENT FROM IR KUTSK FOR THE PURPOSE. WITH OUT ANY WARN ING THEY OPEN ED FIRE ON THE STRIKERS AND HUNDREDS WERE SHOT DOWN.

Stalin soon perceived that in this child he had found an admirable helpmate, and she became the confidante of all his schemes and plans. The wiry Georgian completely fell under the charm of this adolescent girl who could laugh or cry according to his own mood, and who stood between him and the peril which constantly threatened him.

SHE had wonderful presence of mind. One night the police invaded the apartment of the Alliluiev family, looking for certain compromising documents which they suspected Stalin had left there. He had not, but there was one letter which Nadya was to deliver the next day to one of his political friends. While Alliluiev was expostulating with the police, she managed to hide this letter in her long hair. Then she crept back to bed and feigned sleep so well that after a brief look at her the invaders retired on tiptoe so as not to disturb her.

When Stalin thanked her the child simply said, "You need not. I love you so much it was natural I should try to save you!"

And Stalin, the hard, cold Georgian, could no longer keep his composure. He took her in his arms and kissed her passionately, child though she was. It was a kiss which sealed their fate.

In 1912, in northern Siberia 1,500 miles from a railroad station, in the lonely Lena gold fields, the owners of which were mostly British, a strike broke out. It was suppressed with unheard-of cruelty by Russian soldiers sent from Irkutsk for the purpose. Without any warning they opened fire on the strikers and hundreds were shot down. In consequence a spontaneous general strike swept

over all the great industrial centers of the empire. Nearly 300,000 workers walked out of their own accord.

Two weeks later—on May 1, 1912—there was a demonstration against the government in which almost a million men took part.

Stalin at that time was still in St. Petersburg, editing the Bolshevist weekly magazine called Zvezda (the Star). The paper could not be forwarded by mail to its subscribers; it had to be distributed by hand in closed envelopes. It seems that Nadya Alliluieva was one of those who undertook this perilous distribution. That was the beginning of her revolutionary activity, described as follows in the announcement of her death which appeared in the Bolshevik official organ Pravda:

> She was born of a worker's family, and since her youth has sacrificed her life to revolutionary work. During the civil war on the front, and then during the years of Socialist construction, Nadejda Sergeivna served the party and remained both active and modest in her revolutionary duty.

Served the party! It was Stalin whom she was serving, Stalin for whom this half-grown child was sacrificing herself, whom she was trying to shield in every possible way; and, strange to say, it was she who inspired Stalin and persuaded him to continue his work as a conspirator at moments when its dangers very nearly worried him into abandoning it. Nevertheless the Star did not have a long life. Lenin did not like it, and in consequence of his advice a daily publication called the Pravda was started. Until the World War it remained a popular labor paper, published legally under the supervision of the official censor, which precluded anti-government propaganda. The names of the editors which appeared on the front page were all fictitious. Stalin alone was responsible for its policies.

He was leading the life of an outcast, seldom sleeping in the same place two nights in succession. Sometimes he would disappear for days at a stretch, and then suddenly invade the offices of the Pravda, inquire what was going on there, dictate an article, and disappear again. But there was one person who always knew where he could be found, and who kept watch at the door of any house which he entered, and this was Nadya Alliluieva.

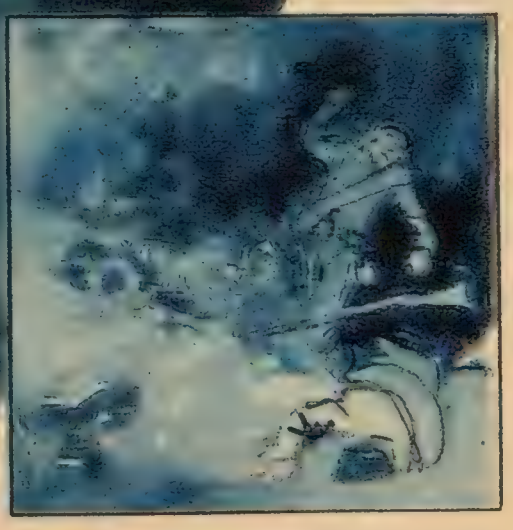
BUT nothing availed against the vigilance of the police. They had a spy on the staff of the Pravda, a certain Malinovsky who posed as an ardent Bolshevik. He actually succeeded in having himself elected to the Duma, with the help of the Bolsheviks on one side and the Police Department on the other. An accident put the president of the Duma, M. Rodzanko, in possession of the truth, and he did not hesitate to expose him. Malinovsky had to resign, and later on, after the establishment of the Soviet government, was caught and promptly shot.

But meanwhile, thanks to him, Stalin was arrested and jailed, to the consternation of the entire Social Democratic Party. He was kept for a few months in the House of Detention for untried prisoners in St. Petersburg. For some time his friends did not know what had become of him, and not only trembled for his fate but were terrified at the thought that the police might have got hold of compromising papers which it was known he always carried. As it happened, he had quite by chance seen two detectives entering the house where he was living, and had tossed these papers to the top of a wardrobe in his room. When the detectives entered, he was standing by the window smoking a cigarette unconcernedly. They searched him as well as the room, but did not look on the top of the wardrobe. A few days later a Social Democrat member of the Duma who had worked with Stalin on the Pravda rented his room, with the intention of searching it thoroughly, after the latter had contrived to let him know that no papers of any importance had been found on him when he was arrested, and found the incriminating documents, which he immediately destroyed.

The House of Detention was not a severe prison, and its warden happened to be a thoroughly humane man. Among the political prisoners was a young lawyer called Touroutine, who had more visitors than any other inmate. Stalin's friends got in touch with one of them and managed through him to convey to Stalin news of what was going on in the party. This, however, was not enough for the fiery revolutionist; it did not tell him what had happened to his friends the Alliluievs, or to Nadya, of whom he was thinking all the time.

She crept back to bed and feigned sleep so well that after a brief look the invaders retired on tiptoe.

One afternoon there was a slight commotion in the courtyard of the jail and prisoners stretched their necks to see what was happening. A little girl dressed in rags, with a dirty handkerchief on her head tied under her chin, was standing with a basket on her arm and pleading with the soldier who was guarding the inside gate. After a while the warden himself appeared, and it turned out that the child was asking for permission to sell some *pirojkis*, meat patties, to the prisoners. The warden



said she might, and accompanied by a turnkey she went through the corridors with her basket. When she reached Stalin's cell she put a finger to her lips, then opened the basket, pointed to a patty, and said, "Won't you buy it, please? My mother is sick and we want money so badly!"

At the sound of her voice he nearly jumped. It was Nadya Alliluieva.

Regaining his composure, Stalin took two patties. He knew they must contain some kind of communication, and he found that two letters had been hidden in them, one from Poletayev, who had salvaged the documents which Stalin had left in his room; the other from Nadya herself, who informed him she would try to visit the jail regularly in order to carry messages.

This may sound almost incredible, but one must not forget that women in Georgia develop much earlier than women in Europe, and often marry at twelve, and that Nadya Alliluieva was half Georgian through her mother.

This sort of thing went on as long as Stalin remained an inmate of the St. Petersburg House of Detention, and explains the remarks contained in Nadya's obituary that "since her youth she had sacrificed her life to revolutionary work." There is no doubt that if Nadya had been caught smuggling letters to Stalin she would have incurred a severe punishment in spite of her youth, which in this case would not have been accepted by the police as an excuse.

Stalin spent a few months in the House of Detention, then was exiled to a village called Kolpashevo in northern Siberia, where he found one of his prison mates of Baku, Verestchak, who wrote later that his arrival there revived Bolshevist activity, and from whence he managed after quite a short time to escape, and with the help of a forged passport to return to St. Petersburg, where Nadya Alliluieva was waiting for him, and from where he went abroad in order to meet Lenin in Vienna and Krakow.

ON his return to Russia, which took place soon after, Stalin found himself pursued by the police with more energy than had ever been the case. Nadya, however, was watching all the time. She had contrived to become acquainted with an important agent of the Okhrana or secret police, and through him to obtain information which she conveyed to Stalin, thus enabling him to hide from his pursuers. But she had not reckoned with the fiery nature of the Georgian revolutionist. Or perhaps she was too young to realize the possible implications of actions which seemed to her to be absolutely innocent. She wanted to help her friend, the man whom, unknown to herself, she was loving so ardently and devotedly. She was only thinking how best she could do so, regardless of what could happen to herself. But Stalin became distrustful, and followed her without her noticing it. He saw her talking with the police agent into whose confidence she had managed to worm herself. He saw her sitting opposite him in a little restaurant, eating lunch, laughing and joking with the man. He saw it all, and he saw red!

Two days later St. Petersburg was in commotion. A police agent, one of the best the Okhrana had, was found murdered in a dark street. No one knew who had killed him. Suspicions pointed, among other people, to Stalin, probably because this agent had been shadowing him. He was arrested and once more was lodged in the House of Detention.

Military courts, which had been established after the suppressed revolution of 1905, were still functioning. At the head of the St. Petersburg one was a Caucasian general who believed it was Stalin who had done the deed. But there were absolutely no proofs, and the general was too just to sentence anyone on mere suspicion. While he was debating in his mind what he had better do, he was told that a very young girl wanted to see him on an urgent matter. To his surprise a beautiful child appeared, so beautiful that for a few moments he was stunned by her exquisite loveliness.

"You desired to see me," he said at last. "What can I do for you?"

"Only this," was the reply. "You have arrested Joseph Dzugashvili on the suspicion that he murdered that police officer. I have come to tell you that he is innocent. It was I who killed that man!"

How both Nadya and the man she idolized escaped punishment, how she sought him out in his subsequent place of exile in the Arctic, and how later, when the Communists gained power, she became his wife and guiding star, will be told by Princess Catherine Radziwill in a second and concluding installment in Liberty next week.

MARC-ANTOINE WAS ON HIS FEET AT ONCE. A LADY IN A MASK WAS NO PORTENT IN VENICE WHERF THE HABIT OF MASKING WAS COMMON.

HEA
and
SWO

A Master Story-Teller's Greates
Deeds and Lovely Women in the

(Reading time: 27 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and intrigue in old Venice. Marc-Antoine Villiers de Melleville, Vicomte de Saulx, on his way to Venice on a mission for Mr. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, and posing as Mr. Melville, an English gentleman, meets his former steward, Camille Lebel, now citizen-representative of the French Directory, at Turin. Lebel had sentenced the young vicomte to be guillotined at Tours in 1793, but he had escaped and made his way to England. A fight follows and Lebel is killed. The vicomte assumes Lebel's identity, takes his papers, which show he is a special agent of Barras and Carnot on a similar mission to his own, and proceeds to Venice. There he calls upon Lallemant, French ambassador, and poses as Lebel. He tells Lallemant that he intends to impose upon the British ambassador as a representative of Pitt, and henceforth is to be known as Mr. Melville, an English flâneur. Next he calls upon the English ambassador and presents Pitt's letter, but is treated coldly. From there he starts for the palace of Count Pizzamano, whose daughter, Isotta, had been his fiancée before he was seized by the French revolutionists, and who thinks he has been killed.

PART TWO—CASA PIZZAMANO

MARC-ANTOINE'S gondola brought him to the marble steps of the Casa Pizzamano on the Rio di San Daniele, by the Arsenal, as the summer dusk was deepening into night.

He stepped into a wide hall whose walls were inlaid with marble, whilst a lackey to whom he gave the name of Mr. Melville went in quest of Captain Domenico Pizzamano, for whom the visitor had asked. Some moments only he was kept waiting, with quickening pulses. The door opened to admit a young man who stood at gaze upon the threshold, his expression almost scared, his hand trembling on the cut-glass door knob.

By R A F A E

DECORATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

R T S

R D S

Romance—A Stirring Novel of Bold Glamorous Venice of Yesterday

Marc-Antoine advanced briskly, smiling: "Domenico!"

The lips, so red against the pallor which had slowly overspread the young captain's face, parted now. But his voice was husky as it ejaculated in French: "Marc! Is it really you? Marc! Then you were not guillotined?"

"My neck will bear me out that I was not. But have you believed it all this while?"

"It was the last news we had of you before we left London. For your poor mother, who so bitterly upbraided herself for having sent you, it was the end of the world. We did what we could."

"Oh, yes. I know how good you all were. It strengthens my devotion to you. And my letters never reached you? I wrote twice. But then, letters in these days are like shots fired into the dark. The more reason why I should come in person."

DOMENICO'S dark eyes solemnly considered him. "That is why you've come? You have journeyed all the way to Venice to come to us?"

"That is the cause. If I happen to be charged with other matters, that is a mere effect."

The solemnity of the young Venetian's eyes increased. His glance searched almost uneasily the flushed and smiling face of his friend. He faltered a little in answering: "You make us very proud."

"And Isotta? She is well, I trust?"

"Oh, yes. Isotta is well. She too will be glad to see you."

Did the rogue suspect what particular member of the House of Pizzamano had drawn him across Europe? His smile grew wider at the thought, and he was very gay and exalted in mood when he came to the salon where the family was assembled.

S A B A T I N I

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN FALTER

SHE REMOVED THE WHITE SILK VISOR AND DISCLOSED THE FEATURES OF ISOTTA PIZZAMANO. THE DARK EYES WERE LIKE WISTFUL POOLS.

It was a vast room that ran the entire depth of the palace, from the Gothic windows of the balcony above the Canal of San Daniele to the fluted pillars of the loggia overlooking the garden. It was a room made rich by treasures which the Pizzamani had assembled down the ages; for their patrician house went back to a time before the closure of the Grand Council and the establishment of the oligarchy in the fourteenth century.

IT was a room which for splendour of art, of wealth, and of historical significance could be found in no country of Europe but Italy, and in no city of Italy but Venice.

But it was not to the treasures of the room that Marc-Antoine turned his eager eyes. He sought its inhabitants.

They had been seated in the loggia: the count, very tall and spare and gaunt with age, a little old-fashioned in his dress, from his red-heeled shoes to his powdered wig, but of an aquiline countenance still full of energy and vigour; the countess, still comparatively young, gracious and noble of countenance and bearing about her something as elusively fine and delicate as the point de Venise of her fichu; and Isotta, her tall straight slenderness stressed by the sheathing indoor gown of a material so dark as to seem almost black in the half light.

It was upon her that his eyes came to rest as he stood to face them where they had risen, startled by Domenico's announcement. She was framed, with the fading turquoise of the evening sky for background, between two slender columns of the loggia columns of marble which had been weathered to the tone of ivory and as pale as was now that face which held for Marc-Antoine the sum of all nobility and loveliness. She had ripened, he observed, in the three years and more that were gone since he had last beheld her in London on the night before he left for France. But it was a ripening that was no more than the rich fulfillment of her nineteenth year. It had not seemed that she could be more desirable; yet more desirable he found her now. A woman to cherish, to worship, to serve; who in return would be a source of inspiration and a fount of honour to a man. For this is what love meant to Marc-Antoine.

MARC-ANTOINE BEHELD THE LANDLORD FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY. BEHIND HIM HE HAD A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER FACE, FAIR AND FLORID.

So rapt was he that he scarcely heard the ejaculations first of amazement then of joy with which the count and countess greeted him. It needed the hearty embrace of the count to awaken him and to send him forward to kiss the trembling hands which the countess so readily extended.

Then he stood close before Isotta. She gave him her hand; her lips trembled into a smile; her eyes were wistful. He took the hand and bowed his dark glossy head and kissed her fingers very reverently. At that touch of his lips he felt her tremble and he heard at last her voice, now strained and hushed:

"You said that you might one day come to Venice, Marc."

"I said that I would come if I lived. And I am here."

"Yes; you are here." Her tone was lifeless. It turned him cold. "You have delayed your visit."

It was, he thought, as if she said to him: "You have come too late, you fool. Why, then, have you come at all?"

Uneasy, he half turned and found the eyes of her parents steadily upon them. Then the countess was speaking, gently, easily, her voice level:

"Do you find Isotta changed? She has aged, of course." And before he could answer, the words had been added that made all this constraint clear, resolved his doubts into a conviction of despair. "She is to be married very soon."

In the stillness that followed he felt much as he had felt that day three years ago when the president of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Tours had sentenced him to death. And now as then his sense of doom was suffused by the recollection that he was Marc-Antoine Villiers de Melleville, Vicomte de Saulx and peer of France, and that he owed it to his birth and blood to hold up his head, to exclude all tremor from his lips, all faltering from his glance.

"I felicitate that enviable, that most fortunate of men. It is my prayer that he may prove worthy of so great a blessing as he receives in you, my dear Isotta."

He turned to the count. "Isotta has said that I have delayed my coming. Not my inclination but the events delayed it."

Shortly he related these events and why he was in Venice, the duties that had been imposed upon him by Mr. Pitt.

For the purposes of the service he had undertaken he had Anglicized his name to Melville, and he begged them to remember that to all in Venice he was Mr. Melville, an English gentleman of leisure seeing the world.

As he rehearsed these matters his mind was elsewhere. He had come too late! What was this silly talk he made of a mission, of service to the monarchist cause, of opposition to the forces of anarchy that were loose in the world? What was the world to him, or monarchies or anarchies? What had he to do in all this, since for him the light had gone from the world?

But his narrative was an Odyssey that moved his listeners to wonder and sympathy.

When the tale was told, the count got to his feet in the intensity of his feelings on the subject of Marc-Antoine's mission to the Serenissimo.

"God prosper you in that!" he cried passionately. "The effort is needed if we are not to be extinguished and the glory of Venice, already so sadly tarnished, become as if it had never been."

His long, lean face was flushed.

"YOU will find your path beset by obstacles: sloth, pusillanimity, avarice, and this canker of Jacobinism which is corroding the foundations of the state. These are the forces that will oppose you. We are impoverished. Our impoverishment has been gradual now for two hundred years, and accelerated of late by incompetent government. Our frontiers, once so wide and far-flung, are sadly shrunken. Our might, that in its day evoked the League of Cambrai against us, so that we stood to face a world in arms, has largely withered. But we are Venice still, and we may yet again become a power with which the world must reckon.

"Here we stand at the crisis of our fate. Whether we are to go down in ruin, or maintain ourselves to rise again in glory and be the proud and worthy bridegroom of the sea that once we were, will depend upon the courage we display and the will for sacrifice in those who still have something to lay upon the country's altar. Your messages from England, and the evidences of French intentions with which it has pleased Heaven so opportunely to supply you, may have their effect."

He sat down again, shaken almost to the point of exhaustion by the passion surging in him: the contempt, despair, and anger that sprang from a patriotism nothing short of fanatical.

Domenico's voice broke the tension: "If there is any help you need, you know that you may count upon us."

Marc-Antoine wrenched his mind back to this political business. "There is a service that I require at once. I need a sponsor: someone in authority to give me the necessary credentials to his Serenity."

"I will take you, myself, to the Doge tomorrow," Count Pizzamano assured him. "My knowledge of you is not of yesterday. Come to me at noon, and we'll go down when we have dined."

"You will remember that to him, as to all without exception, I remain Mr. Melville. If by an indiscretion my true identity were to reach the ears of Lallemant, there would be a sharp end to my activities."

After this they sat and talked of other things: of Marc-Antoine's mother; of common friends in England; but most of all of Bonaparte, this portent unknown three months ago, suddenly risen to focus the attention of the world.

Isotta, in the background, played no more than a listener's part--if indeed she listened. Thus until an interruption was created by the arrival of Leonardo Vendramin.

Chapter VII—Leonardo Vendramin

MARC-ANTOINE beheld a tall floridly handsome man, past his first youth, but still graceful of shape and carriage, very easy of manner, with a ready laugh, and debonair to the point of effusiveness: one, obviously, whose main desire was to stand well with all the world. That he stood well with the count and with Donna Leocadia, the countess, was instantly plain. With Domenico he seemed less successful. And Isotta, whilst graciously receiving his marked, almost proprietary greeting, yet appeared to shrink a little as he bowed over her hand.

Presented as his future son-in-law by the count to Mr. Melville, Ser Leonardo smothered the supposed Englishman in voluble congratulations upon his nationality and swept into fulsomeness on the score of England. Marc-Antoine acknowledged the compliments with cool civility, wondering the while why Vendramin's name should seem familiar to him.

Thereafter, and during supper, to which Marc-Antoine was retained, he was intermittently subjected to a bombardment of questions as to when he had arrived, where he was lodged, how long he proposed to stay, and what was the object of his visit.

Vendramin set his questions with such an air of friendly good nature that their probing quality might have been overlooked. To the last of them Marc-Antoine returned the answer that his objects were to amuse and instruct himself and resume relations with his friends the Pizzamani.

"Ah! You are old friends, then? But that is charming." But his blue eyes, thought Marc-Antoine, were oddly watchful. They came to rest upon Isotta as if they challenged her.

"Mr. Melville has been very dear to us all from our London days, and he is too old a friend for you to pursue with your inquisitiveness."

"Inquisitiveness! Just Heav-

en!" Ser Leonardo laughed airily, waving a hand that was smothered in a cloud of lace. "Oh, but I am justly rebuked. I have allowed my interest in this charming Mr. Melville to outrun my manners. Bear me no rancour, my dear sir, and count me at your service—oh, but very much at your service—while you are in Venice."

"Reveal to him the beauties of the district of San Barnabó," suggested Domenico with sarcasm. "That should entertain and instruct him."

And then at last Marc-Antoine knew where he had heard the name and in what connection. Lallemant had mentioned that Leonardo Vendramin was a Barnabotto, a member of that great class of impecunious and decayed patricians called Barnabotti from the district of San Barnabó in which they herded. Because of their patrician birth they must not degrade themselves by toil, nor yet could they be suffered to starve. Also because of that birth, under the existing oligarchic system they had the right to vote in the Grand Council and could exercise upon the fortunes of the state a control denied to worthy citizens whom the accident of birth had not so favoured.

Occasionally, as a result, a Barnabotto who was able and spirited could, by the votes of his brethren in exalted mendicancy, procure election to one of the great offices of state.

Marc-Antoine asked himself how it came to pass that Isotta, daughter of one of the greatest families of senatorial rank, who would have graced and honoured any house into which she had married, should be bestowed by her stiff-necked aristocratic father upon a Barnabotto.

When at long last Marc-Antoine rose to depart, Isotta's gentle glance searched his face. Its pallor, the dark stains that had come to spread under his eyes, spoke to her with a clear eloquence.

ISOTTA lingered in the loggia after Marc-Antoine had departed, with Leonardo effusive to the end, insistent upon going with him. Her father, his countenance troubled, approached her and set a hand affectionately upon her shoulder. His voice was very gentle:

"Isotta, my child, the night has turned chilly."

It was a suggestion that she should come indoors. But she chose to take him literally.

"Chilly indeed, my father."

He sighed and uttered his thought aloud:

"Better that he had not come."

"Since he lives his coming was inevitable. It was a pledge he made me in London on the night before he set out for Tours. 'If I survive what is to do,' he said, 'I shall come to Venice.' It was a pledge of more than a journey. I understood, and I was glad."

"I understand. Life can be very cruel."

"Must it be cruel to him and me? Must it, father?"

"My dear child!" Again he pressed her shoulder.

"I am twenty-two. There is perhaps a long life before me. Believing Marc dead it was easy to resign myself. Now—" She spread her hands and helplessly broke off.

"I know, child. I know."

Abruptly she spoke, in a passion of rebellion:

"Must this thing be? Must it go on?"

"You mean your marriage with Leonardo." He fetched a sigh. The clear-cut old patrician face looked as if carved of marble. "What else is possible in honour?"

"Is honour all?"

"No." His voice rose. "There is Venice too."

"What has Venice done for me, what will Venice ever do for me, that I should be sacrificed to Venice?"

He was very gentle again. "I can answer you only that it is my creed, and so it should be yours since you are my child, that we owe all that we possess to the state whence we derived it. We lie in its debt, my dear. And in the hour of our country's need, all that I possess is at the service of the state. You see that it must be so."

"But I, father? I?"

"Your part is plain. A very noble part. You heard what Marc has learnt of the intentions toward us of the French. Even if he can stir the Doge with that tomorrow, what can his Serenity achieve against a Council in which men considering only personal interest prefer to stand inert and hoard their gold? Willfully they refuse to perceive the danger, because to avert it would be costly.

"The Barnabotti remain. They can muster some three hundred voices in the Council. They may be brought before it is too late to vote for the costly policy that will save Venice, because they have nothing to lose—they imagine there may be something to gain—from an upheaval.

"Leonardo is one of them. A man of gifts, of force, and of eloquence. His influence with the Barnabotti is increasing. He will control their votes. Which means, in short, that the fate of Venice may come to lie at the mercy of his will."

He paused a moment, and then added slowly: "You are the price we pay for his conservatism."

"Can you trust the patriotism of a man who sells it?"

"Sells it? That is not just. His patriotism was stout and pure, or else I should never have received him. He was seeking guidance. He brought me his doubts and I resolved them. The rest was accomplished by his love for you.

"But if we were to reject him now we should be in danger of arousing a despair and a vindictiveness which would drive him with all his Barnabotto following into the camp of the enemy."

To this she had no answer.

He kissed her tenderly. "Courage, my Isotta. It needs courage to live worthily."

"Sometimes it needs courage to live at all," she answered.

But she was conquered, as she had known from the outset that she would be. He was so gentle and sincere, he reasoned so patiently, pleaded so mildly, that he persuaded where he did not convince and shamed opposition into silence.

Chapter VIII—The Lady in the Mask

MARC-ANTOINE, in a blue-and-gold bedgown, sipped his chocolate on the following morning in his pleasant salon at the Inn of the Swords. He sat before windows set wide to the shallow balcony and the sunshine of a perfect May morning.

It was a morning to make a man glad that he was alive. But Marc-Antoine was finding little gladness in it.

A beacon which for three years had glowed steadily to guide him had suddenly gone out.

Presently there were sounds of a gondola that did not pass.

A hoarse hail from a gondolier before the portals of the inn: "*Ehi! Di casa!*"

Some moments later there was a rapping of knuckles on his door, and the landlord, thrusting a bald head round the jamb, announced that a lady was asking for Mr. Mel-

ville—a lady in a mask, he added, with a suggestion of humour about the set of his lips.

Marc-Antoine was on his feet at once. A lady in a mask was no portent in Venice, where the habit of going masked abroad was common among gentlefolk. The portent lay in the fact that a lady should be seeking him.

It was inconceivable that the only lady instantly occurring to him should be his visitor.

She had masked herself with the completeness Venetian habit sanctioned. Under the little three-cornered gold-laced hat, a black silk *bauta,* that little mantilla edged in lace, covered her head and fell to the shoulders of a dominolike cloak that concealed every line of the figure. She removed the white silk visor and disclosed the features of Isotta Pizzamano.

WITH a little cry Marc-Antoine was at her side and had caught one of her gloved hands. The dark eyes she turned on him were like wistful pools through which a deal of sorrow and some fear seemed to regard him. The heave of her breast told of her quickened breathing.

She pressed upon it her left hand, which was closed about a white fan the golden frame of which was set with jewels.

"I surprise you, Marc. Oh, I do a surprising thing! But I shall know no peace until it is done."

It was more surprising even than Marc-Antoine suspected. For the outrage to propriety could nowhere have been so great as here in Venice. A reputation could hardly survive such a step as Isotta was now taking, should she be discovered.

"I have to talk to you," she said. "And I could not wait for opportunity."

Troubled for her, he pressed the gloved hand to his lips and strove to keep his voice level as he said: "I exist to serve you."

"Must we be formal?" She twisted her lips into a wistful smile. "God knows the situation does not warrant it. There is nothing formal in what I do."

"Sometimes we take refuge in formal words to express a meaning that is deep and sincere."

He remained standing before her, waiting.

"I hardly know where to begin," she said. Her hands were clutching her fan, and her glance was upon them, so that he could not see her eyes.

Abruptly she asked him: "Why did you come to Venice?"

"Why?" he echoed. "But did I leave anything unsaid last night that could explain it? I am here on a mission of state."

"And nothing else? Nothing else? In pity's sake be frank with me. I desire to know."

He hesitated. He struggled a moment with his impulse.

"Could the knowledge profit you?"

DR. LECLERC *of* PARIS *says*—

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"Patient had a widely spread rash of acne on face and chest, with disfiguring red and violet patches . . . A short course of treatment with yeast restored the clearness of her complexion . . . I have had great success in my medical practice with fresh yeast."

Dr. Henri Leclerc

(DR. HENRI LECLERC)

DR. LECLERC, who describes this typical case, was physician to Marshal Foch. He is also lecturer at the Faculté de Médecine de Paris. He states:—

"Fresh yeast induces normal action of the intestines . . . prevents the formation of toxins that . . . are one of the most frequent causes of skin eruptions. *It is the foremost agent for correcting constipation and 'toning' the system generally."*

If you're not now eating yeast, it is very easy to do so. Every grocer and most soda fountains and restaurants sell Fleischmann's fresh Yeast today.

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast softens the waste masses that collect in "tired" intestines. At the same time it actually *strengthens* the muscles that clear these wastes away easily and regularly.

Thus daily evacuations are brought about. Poisons go. And, as a result, skin blotches and blackheads, boils and pimples no longer have their old excuse to form!

Try this simple method to clear *your* skin! You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Just eat 3 cakes a day.

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She seized upon that. "Ah! Then there is something more to know! Tell me. Give me the help I need."

"I do not perceive how it will help. But you shall have the truth, since you demand it, Isotta. The mission of state followed upon the resolve I had taken to come to Venice. But the real motive of my visit—your heart must tell you what it was."

"I desire to hear it from you."

"It was the love I bear you, Isotta, as you have guessed. Though God knows why, in all the circumstances, you should compel me to say what I had never meant to say."

She looked up at him at last. "I had to hear it for my pride's sake—lest I should despise myself for a vain fool who had allowed herself to live in a fond dream of might-have-beens.

"I had to hear it before I could tell you that the words you spoke to me on the night before you left London to go to Tours—had borne to me the meaning you intended them to have. If you lived, you said, you would follow me to Venice. You remember?"

"Could I forget?"

"I loved you, Marc. You knew that, didn't you?"

"I hoped it. As we hope for salvation."

"Ah, but I want you to know it. To know it! To be sure of it. And I want you to know that I have been steadfast in that love. That I love you now, Marc—and that my heart, I think, is broken."

He was on his knees beside her. "Child, child! You must not say these things to me."

She set a gloved hand upon his head. Her other wrought the while upon the fan as if she would crush it. "Listen, my dear. It broke, I think—nay, I know—when word came that you were dead. Guillotined. My father and mother knew; yes, and Domenico, too. And because they too loved you, they were very tender and compassionate with me; and they helped me back to a measure of peace. You were gone. You had taken with you all my joy. Oh, I am bold to be so frank!"

She paused a moment, and then continued in that level lifeless recital: "Then Leonardo Vendramin came. He loved me. He knew how the influence he wields with men must be viewed by a man of my father's patriotism. You understand. They put it to me that I could do a great service to the state by enlisting on the side of our institutions a man of enough influence to sway the issue. At first I withstood them. I belonged to you, in this life or the next. Do you understand, my dear?"

She did not give him time to answer. "I finally broke under their persistent pleading, under the argument—oh, very gently urged, but not to be misunderstood—that I should devote to a sacred cause a life which was otherwise in danger of remaining empty. And so, my dear, I yielded."

SHE fell silent, and left him silent. He felt that she had not yet reached the end.

"Last night, after you had gone, I sought my father. I asked him if this thing still must be. He loves me, Marc. But he loves Venice more. Since I know that he loves Venice better than himself, it is reasonable that he should love Venice better than his daughter. He made me see that to withdraw now would be a worse disaster than if at first I had clung to my refusal. Whilst then by a sacrifice I could benefit the state, today if I drew back it might arouse in Leonardo such rancour as to make him march his forces into the opposite camp.

"Do you conceive how I am torn, and yet how helpless I am? Perhaps if I were really brave, Marc, negligent of pledges, of honour and of all else, I should say to you, 'My dear, take me if you will have me, and let betide what will.' But I have not the courage to break my father's heart, to be false to a pledge that is given in which he is concerned. Do you understand?"

Kneeling ever, his arm was round her, he had drawn her close, and her head sank on to his shoulder.

"Too well, my dear," he answered miserably. "Too well. So well, indeed, that you need hardly have given yourself the pain of coming here to tell me this."

"There is no pain in that. No added pain; but rather a relief. If you do not see that, then you do not yet understand. If I cannot give you myself, my dear, at least I can offer all I have to give of my mind and soul, by letting you know what you are to me, what you have been since that veiled pledge was passed between us. There is a solace to me in knowing that you know; that between us all is clear; that there can be no doubtings, no searchings of spirit. Somehow it absolves me of what I have done. Somehow it revives my hopes in that future when all this is over." She let the fan which she had been bending and twisting fall into her lap, and she turned to take his face in both her hands. "Surely, my Marc, you believe with me that this life on earth is not all that there is to us? If I have hurt you, as God knows I have hurt myself, by the course to which I am committed, will you not find solace where I find it?"

"IF I must, Isotta," he answered. "But all is not done. We have not come to the end of the journey."

Still holding his face, she shook her head.

"Torture neither yourself nor me with any such hopes."

"Hope is not torture," he answered her.

"And when it fails? What of the pain then? The agony?"

"Aye, when it fails—if it fails. But until then I'll bear it in my heart. I need it. I need courage. And you have brought it to me, Isotta."

"Courage I desired to bring you, and to take from you for my own needs. But not the courage of a hope that leads to cruellest disillusion. Content you, dear. I pray you."

"Yes, I'll content me."

His tone rang clear. "I'll content me whilst I wait upon events. It is not my way to order a requiem while the patient lives." He rose and drew her up with him, so that her breast was against his breast, his hands gripping her arms. From her lap her fan and her mask fell to the floor.

At that same moment there was a tap upon the door, which was opened almost simultaneously.

Facing it as he stood with Isotta in his arms, Marc-Antoine beheld the landlord framed for a moment in the doorway, his countenance startled by what he beheld. Behind him, in that moment, he had a glimpse of another face, fair and florid. Then, as abruptly as it had been opened, the door was closed again by the hurriedly retreating landlord.

In next week's installment you will read of the unusual situation that confronts Marc-Antoine in his rôle of Mr. Melville, English gentleman.

NEXT WEEK—

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

By

John Erskine

An eminent American college professor (who is also an eminent American author) speaks his mind with startling frankness about an eminent American institution

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SMILE, DAMN YOU, SMILE

A story that will make your hair stand on end—
Don't read it at *night!*

By

Ben Hecht

Also stories and articles by

Dick Williams, Rafael Sabatini, Roy Chanslor, Prof. Irving Fisher, Princess Catherine Radziwill, Jean Stark, and others

Where Can the Unhappy Woman Find Happiness?

A Million Unhappy Women Will Thrill to the Story of This Girl's Experience

A MILLION unhappy women? Probably more nearly five million women in the United States are consciously or unconsciously eating their hearts out for the love and devotion and the opportunity to love and to render devotion that is the birthright of every woman.

Some hide their unhappiness behind a smiling face so that husband, parents, friends do not suspect their discontent. Some search for happiness in careers, work, devotion to a cause. Others seek forgetfulness in a search for thrills. Many do not know the reason for their discontent. But before them all the future stretches away, a drab and hopeless plain, to an equally drab and hopeless horizon.

Phyllis Marvin was miserably unhappy, restless, filled with discontent. Love had not entered her life. To her, her career was everything. Into it she threw herself with all her energy, all her ability, all her devotion. In it she sought happiness and found—a nervous and mental breakdown.

During the period of convalescence she had ample time to think. And when, months later, she was again strong and well, ready to take up life anew, she set forth with a desperate resolve to wrest happiness from an unwilling world at any cost.

Today Phyllis Marvin is the happiest of women. She tells her story in *Physical Culture* for October. Entitled "My Starved Womanhood," it is a wonderful and hauntingly beautiful story overflowing with hope and promise for other love-starved women. It may not be a recipe for happiness for every woman but if every love-starved woman in the world could read it, it would put happiness within the reach of countless thousands. Do not fail to read it for its absorbing interest aside from its power to help. Page 18 *Physical Culture* for October.

"What Can I Do About Jealousy?"

Of all the soul poisons, there is none other so devastating as Jealousy. What can one do about a jealous husband—or a jealous wife? What can one do about his own jealousy of his wife—or husband? In the Family Relationships department of *Physical Culture* for October, under the heading "Is Jealousy an Instinct?" these questions are discussed and answered in the clearest, sanest, most comprehensive analysis of jealousy that has ever appeared in any magazine. The author shows that there are many kinds of jealousy. Which kind is yours?

Phyllis Marvin was unhappy, restless, discontented.

●

Get More Joy Out of Living!

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet.

"For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the common-sense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself."

Bernarr Macfadden

●

Reasons Why You Should Read the Big October Issue

Bernarr Macfadden Editorial—The Mental Hygiene of Adolescence, by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Babies Cost Too Much?, by T. Swann Harding—"Not the Cost, But the Upkeep," Says the Family Doctor—Destructive, Unsexing Women's Shoes, by H. Glen Hall—What I've Learned About Drinking, Anonymous—My Wife Wore the Pants, Anonymous—Fencing Pulled Me Out of Nervous Breakdown, by Julia Belagyi—I Fought It Out With Colitis, by David Arnold Balch—The American Beauty and Her Nerves, by Carol Cameron—My Fifty Years of Physical Culture, by Bernarr Macfadden—Going, Going, Gone, My Excess Fat, by Rose Etta Steele—Fighting for Life and Health, by Albert Payson Terhune—Results of the Child Growth Contest, by Milo Hastings—Ask PHYSICAL CULTURE and Questions from Health Seekers.

Physical Culture

MIND · BODY · SOUL · BEAUTY · CHARM · PERSONALITY

OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS—15c

Senator Wagner

THE GREATEST OF ALL ECONOMIC REMEDIES

By a pioneer advocate of NRA provisions

ROBERT F. WAGNER
United States Senator from New York

THE National Industrial Recovery Act is the greatest law for the relief of unemployment and distress that has ever been enacted. It takes steps to insure the reëstablishment of full-time operations in trade and industry, and it sets forth a $3,300,000,000 public works construction program.

Industry today suffers from two diseases. In the first place, blind, wasteful, and destructive competition has existed simply because the antitrust laws would not allow constructive coöperation. Under the new law, codes of fair competition will be promoted in every industry; and within the provisions of these codes business men will be able to exchange information and agree upon economies and decent practices without fear of prosecution under the antitrust acts. At the same time no code will become effective without the approval of the President of the United States.

By this governmental supervision the interests of the whole nation will be protected, monopolies will be banned, and it will be possible to begin to work out a planned economy, instead of suffering longer under a reckless, disorganized system which leads to chaos.

The second trouble with industry today is that practices started by an irresponsible minority force wages down to a starvation level and lengthen hours of labor unmercifully. Obviously, this is bad for the worker. It also is bad for business, because as a result purchasing power is too small to take all of the goods off the market, factory after factory is forced to close, and depression becomes unavoidable. The Recovery Act guards against this evil by providing for a nation-wide scheme of agreements regulating hours of labor and rates of pay.

Workers will all receive comfortable incomes, the demand for goods will increase, and factories will reopen.

To give industry an immediate push upward, the $3,300,000,000 public works construction program will provide immediate employment for about three million people, and will carry them along until they can be reabsorbed in private industry.

However, no money will be wasted, as the public construction will embrace only useful projects such as roads, schools, power development, and flood control.

Thus the National Industrial Recovery Act is not a hit-or-miss scheme, hysterically devised to meet an emergency. It is the most sound treatment of the outstanding and long-standing defects in our economic system, and it embraces carefully considered remedies which I have been fighting for during a great many years.

What Is This NRA?

A Look at the Most Important Measure Ever Enacted in the United States

By

JAY FRANKLIN

Cartoon by PADEREWSKI

NRA is America's answer to Fascism and Communism. Democracy seems to have crashed through with something bigger.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 40 seconds.)

IN 1918 a group of hairy individuals seized the central power in Russia and proceeded to set up a new way of doing business which they called Communism. This meant that nobody owned anything and that the state ran everything. A sixth of the world's land area, containing the greatest unexploited mineral and agricultural resources, seceded from the old cash-and-carry basis. The leaders of Russian Communism set up the Third International and agitated throughout the world for revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat according to the theories worked out by Karl Marx nearly a century ago.

In 1922 the son of an Italian blacksmith marched into the city of Rome with his legions of black-shirted young Italians and took over the job of running the Italian government in the name of King Victor Emmanuel III. He proceeded to set up a new system of doing business which he called Fascism. The idea of Fascism was that there should be no class warfare but instead the compulsory coöperation of all classes, that the wealth of the country might be owned privately but should be administered socialistically, and that socialism and nationalism should march hand in hand. The world at first derided and then began to imitate this "ism." The world appeared to be dividing into Communists and Fascists.

America didn't like either of them. We believed we could fight it out on the line of individualism and democracy. But we had nothing to offer as an argument against the Communists except the batons and tear gas of the riot squad; we had no argument against the Fascists except to say that we didn't like what they were doing. Consequently, for the last fifteen years we have heard nothing but talk for and against Communism, for

and against Fascism, and have done nothing about either of them. The Russian Five-Year Plan led to talk of the need for " state planning for industry "; Mussolini's success led to the cry, " We need a Mussolini! " Yet all the time we didn't want to live in a beehive or to obey a dictator.

Five years ago, when there was no cloud on the horizon, New York Senator Robert F. Wagner introduced two bills and a Senate resolution for the collection of unemployment statistics by the Department of Labor and for the organization of a national employment system. It seems that there were four million American unemployed in those piping days. Naturally, nothing was done about it.

Then came the crash. Unemployment mounted. The Communists began rioting. There were hunger marchers, bonus marchers. There was a lot of talk about how to help the situation; but talk didn't seem to avail. Our banks began popping. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation began lending them money. Then came the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal.

All this time Senator Wagner had been plugging away. In July, 1930, his bill for the collection of unemployment statistics became law. In February, 1931, his bill for the advance planning and construction of public works to stabilize industry and alleviate unemployment also became law. During the Seventy-first Congress he proposed the creation of a national employment system and demanded that the government study unemployment insurance. During the Seventy-second Congress he kept after it, demanding the creation of a national employment system, proposing that $375,000,000 be loaned to the states to aid the unemployed, demanding the construction of public works. And he was chiefly responsible for the Emergency Relief and Construction Act of 1932.

In 1933 Congress and the country had caught up with Senator Wagner. The present year has witnessed the successful culmination of a number of comprehensive plans to aid the unemployed for which he has been fighting for many years. He joined in introducing in 1933 the amendment to the Relief Act of 1932, which increased by $500,000,000 the amount of federal funds available for unemployment relief. His Employment Agencies measure was finally enacted without the slightest opposition, and he pushed to a successful completion the National Recovery Bill.

MEN like Senator Wagner and the others of that loyal little band—Bob La Follette of Wisconsin, Ned Costigan of Colorado, Bronson Cutting of New Mexico—who fought for these measures without thought of party lines or personal reward, constitute America's answer to Hitler, Lenin, and Mussolini. The National Recovery Act is America's answer to Fascism and Communism. The democracy which dictatorship derides and the individualism which is so old-fashioned and out-of-date, seem to have crashed through with something bigger than either " ism."

The National Recovery Act is by all odds the most important measure ever enacted under the Constitution of the United States. It is fairly staggering in its implications. National planning, which two or three years ago would have been regarded as red-hot stuff, is included casually in this measure and scarcely anybody has noticed it. In the same way, the President and the Tariff Commission are given power by this bill to raise duties, apply quotas or embargoes whenever foreign imports interfere with the working of the bill. A foreign trade monopoly is in effect provided for, and nobody has even noticed it!

The bill itself takes the form of two big sections. The first sets up the proposition that every single branch of industry shall organize itself, draw up codes of competition, of hours and wages for labor, which shall be enforced, with the President's approval, on the entire industry concerned. If industry won't do the job, the bill gives the President the power to draw up codes which they must follow. If any industry or any part of any industry refuses to play ball, the President can make it shut up shop by the simple device of issuing licenses to its competitors to do business in interstate commerce. Instead of the government owning business, as in Russia, or dictating how business shall be run, as in Italy, this bill gives business a chance to run itself and to police itself, through the trade associations, with the support and supervision of the government.

IN holding hearings at Washington on the proposed codes, the government acts in the public interest in two particulars: it insists that the bill be used to put men back to work at a good living wage; it also insists that prices shall not be raised to the consumer until the consumer's income has been increased. The President has appointed General Hugh Johnson as administrator of this part of the bill. Johnson is the fellow who put over the operation of the Draft Act, during the war, in record time and without friction.

The second half of the bill sets up a public works administration under Colonel Donald H. Sawyer, with a fund of $3,300,000,000 for the relief of unemployment by public spending. It is a wartime measure in its scope, but instead of spending the money on wealth which will be blown away, we propose to spend the money on the following: construction, repair, and improvement of public highways and parkways, public buildings, and any publicly owned instrumentalities and facilities; conservation and development of natural resources, including control, utilization, and purification of waters, prevention of soil or coastal erosion, development of water power, transmission of electrical energy, and construction of river and harbor improvements and flood control, and also the construction of any river or drainage improvement required to perform or satisfy any obligation incurred by the United States through a treaty with a foreign government heretofore ratified (Nicaragua Canal and St. Lawrence Waterway), and to restore or develop for the use of any state or its citizens water taken from or denied to them by performance on the part of the United States of treaty obligations heretofore assumed (Chicago Drainage Canal); any projects of the character heretofore constructed or carried on either directly by public authority or with public aid to serve the interests of the general public (that covers most of the Western railways).

The list is just beginning. We can spend the money on slum clearance and the construction of low-cost housing, on hospitals, reservoirs, pumping plants, and dry docks, and $25,000,000 for beginning the back-to-the-land movement. The bill lets the President begin the construction of our navy up to the levels provided by the London Naval Treaty on aircraft, on tanks and other army equipment. It's the biggest grant of power that a government has ever received in peacetime. Instead of sending our money overseas in loans which earn nice

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 41.

commissions for big banking houses, now we can spend it at home in making this country a decent place to live in. Even if the government never gets a cent back, we'll still have the roads, houses, dams, and warships, the canals and waterways, the power houses, and the parks.

The only real criticism of the plan is that it isn't big enough. Senator La Follette thinks that the fund should be at least $6,000,000,000, and there are many who agree that we shall have to spend at least that amount within the two years for which the bill runs.

The whole thing is so immense that even those who are administering it confess that they don't quite know where they are. Merely to hold hearings and help the trade associations to draw up codes which provide fair wages for labor and protect the consumer against wildcat prices is a perfectly enormous task. Washington is thronged with business men, lobbyists are being thrust aside, and capital and labor, the government and the public stand face to face in an effort to organize our industrial life in a democratic manner and in a hurry. Merely to pass on the engineering aspects of the thousands of projects for public works takes time. Committees have to be selected and rules and practices drawn up as you go. The discussion of the Five-Year Plan in Russia offers the only parallel, and it is both significant and characteristic of the American way of doing things that Mr. Bernarr Macfadden has already started at Elmira, New York, a National Recovery Crusade which parallels the emotions and publicity utilized by the Communists in Russia to put over *their* great effort.

WHOSE idea was N. R. A.? Many people believe that Professor Rex Tugwell, the "brain trust" specialist in the Department of Agriculture, is responsible. It is probable that he gathered together and combined many of the ideas in the bill, but it is certain that he had little to do with formulating those ideas.

The political drive back of the bill came from Senator Wagner and Senator La Follette. For years Bob Wagner has been fighting for the idea of government planning in industry. For years Bob La Follette has been fighting for a big public works program. They and their colleagues have been standing shoulder to shoulder on this platform. When it was evident that the thirty-hour-a-week-for-labor proposal would be impossible to administer and would create problems with foreign imports, this measure was mysteriously dropped. People thought Roosevelt had backed down. It now appears that the same thing is going to be done through the labor codes drawn up by the trade associations.

To handle industry through the trade associations was originally suggested through Gerard Swope of the General Electric Company. William Randolph Hearst has long been advocating a $5,000,000,000 Prosperity Loan for public works. However, the method used here is borrowed directly from Fascist Italy. Mussolini has established what they call "the corporative state." In Italy they set up corporations for each industry, which included the employers, the labor unions, and the government. This system short-circuits strikes and lockouts, and means that the public interest takes precedence.

The planning section of the bill is obviously borrowed from Communist Russia and the Five-Year Plan. The method of controlling industry by means of licenses to do business in interstate commerce was first suggested in public print by Jay Franklin two years ago in an article published in the Forum. The whole industrial set-up is in many ways taken over from President Wilson's War Industries Board, which was administered by Bernard M. Baruch. It is suggestive that General Johnson is a Baruch man; so is George Peek, who administers the farm bill.

THE intellectual parentage of this bill, therefore, includes Lenin, Mussolini, Wilson, Baruch, and a host of lesser men. The political parentage includes Wagner, La Follette, Costigan, Cutting, "the sons of the wild jackass," and the progressives and liberals of the United States. The important thing about it is, however, that the National Recovery Administration is America's answer to Communism and Fascism. It is a perfectly practical, democratic, individualistic method of accomplishing the same material results.

For the National Recovery Administration, though it is, as the President said in his statement on June 16, a law "to put people back to work," does not mean an industrial dictatorship, does not establish a czar, provides for more rather than less democracy in industry, and proposes to utilize individual energies and ambitions in coöperation for the national good.

Moreover, it provides us with institutions and organs which can be used to make swift changes in our national plans if necessity arises.

Lenin, smuggled across Germany in a sealed car, established secret headquarters in Petrograd, arranging to post his Red Guards in the power houses while his agitators harangued the mobs—that makes for color, mystery, and force. Mussolini marching into Rome with his legions—that is the very stuff of European history. But when America does the same sort of thing, she takes the German immigrant boy in New York City who fights his way up to a seat in the Senate and works for years with his bills to do something for the people of the whole nation.

A democracy can hold its revolutions peacefully and good-naturedly under the leadership of men like Franklin D. Roosevelt and Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York.

THE END

Reel in a whale! Fight a horse mackerel with a five-ounce rod. Why not—feeling the way you do when your digestion is right?

Even a touch of indigestion cuts down your pep—and often you don't know what's wrong. That's why it's a good plan to chew Beeman's regularly. It keeps your digestion good. And the flavor is delicious. Try chewing it every day.

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PEPSIN GUM

SEA FLIGHTS, and

A Thrilling Drama from England—Katharine Hepburn in an Unforgettable Role—A Racketeer Picture and a Complex Mystery Among the New Films

By ROB WAGNER

Conrad Veidt, Jill Esmond, and Leslie Fenton take leading parts in the thrilling mystery film F. P. 1.

Mr. Wagner reviews all pictures in Hollywood just before their general release. After these previews endings are sometimes changed or cut. If the picture reveals other differences, they are probably due to censor boards, local, state, or national.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 30 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ F. P. 1

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt, Jill Esmond, George Merritt, Donald Calthrop, Alexander Field, Francis L. Sullivan, Warwick Ward, Nicholas Hannen, William Freshman, Dr. Philip Manning. Directed by Karl Hartl.

FOUR stars mean "extraordinary," and this English picture is extraordinary in many ways. It is as provocative as a Jules Verne prediction of the future; it is as exciting as a Conan Doyle mystery story; and it is photographically as beautiful as the best American superproductions.

Leslie Fenton tries to interest English capital in a floating airdrome to be anchored in mid-Atlantic. Too fantastic; nobody will listen to him. Conrad Veidt, a flying-fool friend, stages a robbery of the plans simply to arouse public interest. The ruse works.

Marvelous scenes showing the fabrication of Floating Platform No. 1 (F. P. 1) at an immense shipyard owned by the two sons and daughter of a rich and famous industrialist. Veidt and the girl, Jill Esmond, fall in love. Veidt goes off on one of his fool trips, an attempted solo flight around the world. He does not return.

Two years are required to build the platform, and during that time Jill and Leslie fall in love. Finished, the monster is towed to mid-Atlantic, where things begin to happen. Somebody is sabotaging!

In the meantime Veidt returns from his abortive trip and attempts to renew his love stuff with Jill. During radio communication with the platform, shots are heard; then all is still. Veidt offers to fly Jill out to learn what the trouble is. They arrive on the platform and find terrible wreckage and the crew gassed. He then learns of Jill's love for Fenton. The saboteurs have escaped in a launch. As the platform is sinking Veidt patches up a plane and flies off for assistance. Locates a ship bound for Chile and the ship radios for help. Out from England starts a huge armada of flying ships, one the huge DOX-1, with oil for the pumps. They arrive in time to save the platform. Veidt is last seen convalescing aboard the ship headed for Chile. What a picture!

★★★+ MORNING GLORY

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan, C. Aubrey Smith, Don Alvarado, Frederic Santley, Richard Carle, Tyler Brooke, Geneva Mitchell. Directed by Lowell Sherman.

Katharine Hepburn, a soulful youngster playing in amateur theatricals in her home town in Vermont, goes to New York fully convinced that she is a divine genius. She calls at the office of Adolphe Menjou, famous producer, her particular god, and in the waiting room she meets C. Aubrey Smith, who is so taken with her naïveté that he is persuaded to give her lessons. He also helps her to crash the holy of holies, where she meets Menjou

Katharine Hepburn ascends to new heights in Morning Glory. With her in the photo is Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

FOOTLIGHTS, GANGSTERS

and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a young playwright. Later Smith takes her to Menjou's apartment, where Katharine gets a bit tight and insists upon doing Hamlet's soliloquy and Juliet's balcony scene. She is put to bed.

Here there is a hole in the story during which we get flashes of Katharine descending to cheap vaudeville and cabaret shows. Then comes the big scene in which Menjou's prize star holds him up for more money on the eve of a première. Dolphe cans the lady and decides to abandon the production. Doug, however, has secretly had Katharine understudy the rôle, and prevails upon Dolphe to let her go on. Huge success, but it's a dangerous success. They all tell her that glory is but a flash in the pan —fading like the morning-glory. But, still clinging to her belief in herself, the story fades on her exclaiming hysterically, "I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid!"

An almost perfect story, beautifully directed and acted superbly by everybody in the cast. You'll never forget Miss Hepburn as Eve Lovelace.

★★ THIS DAY AND AGE

THE PLAYERS: Charles Bickford, Judith Allen, Richard Cromwell, Eddie Nugent, Ben Alexander, Harry Green, Lester Arnold, Fuzzy Knight, Wade Boteler, Bradley Page, Billy Gilbert, Harry C. Bradley, Louise Carter, Michael Stuart, Guy Usher, George Barbier, Oscar Rudolph, Charles Middleton, Warner Richmond, Onest Conly, Samuel S. Hinds, Mickey Daniels, Howard Lang, Arthur Vinton, Nella Walker. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille.

Once a year the boys of North High School, trained in self-government, were given a chance at real politics by having the high offices of the city turned over to them for a day. Charles Bickford, a racketeer, had killed Harry Green, a friend of the boys. They decide to exercise their civic powers during his trial, but Bickford has the city officials fixed. He is acquitted.

Disgusted with adult corruption, the boys turn detective and find positive evidence of Bickford's guilt. They then round up the gang, seize their victim, and drag him to an abandoned brickyard. Here they give him the third degree by lowering him into a well full of rats and sweating a confession out of him, then riding him on a rail to

Schoolboys battle racketeers in This Day and Age. In the photo are Judith Allen and Richard Cromwell.

A scene from Blind Adventure—a mixed-up mystery—with Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack, Ralph Bellamy.

the courthouse, where a sleepy and frightened judge is compelled to hand out a conviction.

—★ BLIND ADVENTURE

THE PLAYERS: Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack, Roland Young, Ralph Bellamy, John Milhan, Laura Hope Crews, Henry Stephenson, Phyllis Barry, John Warburton, Marjorie Gateson, Beryl Mercer, Tyrell Davis. Directed by Ernest Schoedsack.

This mystery story is so darned mysterious that should I attempt to tell it I'd have all the Vox Pops on my tail. Here, however, are a few of the ingredients: a pea-soup London fog; an American who blunders in upon a murder which isn't a murder; Scotland Yard detectives who aren't detectives; a pretty Canadian girl and her uncle who isn't her uncle; a mysterious packet of letters; a young lady tied up in a bag who isn't a young lady but a man; a rich general caught with his pockets full of loot who wouldn't loot for anything. And best of all a little flat-chested cockney burglar, a veritable superman performing the most prodigious miracles.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress.

★★★—The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner.

One MAN in

The Story of a Woman Who Knew Her Own Heart

By

VINGIE E. ROE

(Reading time: 35 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE town of Golden had no railroad. It had no motion-picture house. It had only one big general store, one barber shop, one small blacksmith shop turned half and half garage. It lay sixty miles back in the north California hills, and was much as it had been in the late '40s when its tumbling gulches, its bright water streams had given up their treasure to the horde of miners pouring in from the centers of civilization below.

It had been a rip-roaring pocket of the great hills then. Now it lay quiet as water behind a dam. It had a church, set on the slope of a pine-clad slant that flanked the town, and a preacher who came in for services once a month. It had Ladies' Aid, and a local branch of some lodge or other, and it had the Bemises. Or rather it had what was left of them. It had the tall white house in the pines at the end of the one long street, and Arian Bemis, who lived in it alone, now that old Mis' Bemis was gone.

And Golden was proud as Lucifer when it mentioned the Bemises.

There were seven of them sleeping quietly in the tilted graveyard behind the little church, and their history was the history of the county and the town. They went straight back, father and son, to that Major Henry Bemis who came to California from Kentucky with the gold rush, an able man who set the first rocker working on Little Bear Creek, and laid down the law to those who staked beside him. He had black eyes and long black hair, and every Bemis who came after him had the mark of them. Arian had it. Had it more beautifully than any Bemis who ever lived. And what had it got her? Golden would ask bitterly.

Nothing. Old Mis' Bemis had seen to that. Old Mis' Bemis, whom Arlo Bemis had found in San Francisco and brought into the hills nearly forty years ago, and who had never gone out since her wedding journey in. A strange woman she had been, bitter and querulous and an autocrat of autocrats. Arlo Bemis had died under her rule, the town said—and her son Arlo, early born, early lost, and her second son also. They had joined Major Henry in the little yard among the pines, and Uncle Prim Bemis, and Ann, the major's blue-eyed wife who had crossed the plains with him, and a stillborn babe of theirs.

Prim Bemis had gone to the City on the Bay, had been in its hectic politics; and Major Henry had led the local arm of the Vigilantes when Upper California had risen against its outlaws. They had hanged five men in the little street of Golden, a mere camp then, and peace had settled thereafter forevermore. And Prim had come back to die.

But the fire and the doings of the Bemises were things of that glowing past; and there was only Arian, the only

Ten Thousand

daughter of the clan, left alone in the tall white house whose lumber had come around the Horn. She was thirty years of age, and she had never had a lover.

Men of the town had tried to make up to her. But there was old Mis' Bemis, tied to her wheel chair, an invalid for twenty years, who held her, child, girl, and woman, with the iron chains of her pride and her selfishness.

She came toward them running like a deer, with long graceful leaps, her arms outspread.

Illustrations by HARRY T. FISK

The speaker came back; she held a year-old baby in her arms, a little girl.

" These men? " she would say thinly, her narrow lips folded tight above her teeth. " These hill billies? A Bemis? "

" But we're of the hills too," Arian would say timidly, though with a gentle show of spirit. " I was born here."

" But your grandsire came from the Blue-Grass. I am a San Franciscan. If I thought a Bemis could marry a backwoodsman—I'd not live to see it! "

And Arian would shiver with contrite fear and assure Mis' Bemis that she must not worry—that she, Arian, was a good Bemis.

She had been, too, as good a Bemis as ever lived.

She had run her young feet off as she grew up, fetching and carrying to the wheel chair, learning to manage the big silent house, understanding more and more about the papers that must be signed every month and which meant the moneys that still came from Arlo Bemis's forethought. Not much, but enough for these two women to live; to keep old Aunt Hannah Crockett, who had done their work since Arian could remember; and to give a certain sum always to the charities of the little church. There was little need of charity in Golden, for its families were all more or less well fixed; but now and again things came up.

And then, one Sunday, while Arian stood in the choir and lifted her sweet voice in praise, old Mis' Bemis died.

Hannah found her and came running to the church with the ghastly news, and the preacher closed the service hastily, and the whole congregation poured over to the white house. It is so with these far-back communities. One's grief is the concern of all. There are loving hands stretched out on every side.

And Arian, stunned beyond words, needed them badly.

They buried the old lady in the Bemis line, and only Arian of all those who saw her lowered never knew her selfishness, her injustice toward the girl. More than one head shook in the conversations that took place round about.

" Maybe she'll have a chance now," someone opined. But another said, " Too late."

" Yes," they said, " it's too late. Arian is an old maid now, set to her mother's ways. She's too much a pillar of the church, of the town, of the Aid."

And it seemed that they were right.

She lived in the big house, she and Hannah, and there was nothing different about her. She arbitrated the doings of the women's gatherings, passed her gentle judgments on such vital questions as to whether or not the town should hold a bazaar for foreign missions, and was as precise as if she had been made to the pattern of her mother's desires—as indeed she was.

A proper spinster was Arian Bemis, though so beauti-

ful that her neighbors sorrowed at some good man's loss.

There was a man in the case, too. Charlie Jackson, one of the partners in the store, who had never married, thinking of Arian, the town said. Charlie was a good man. Not so much to look at, they opined justly, but a good man nevertheless. His word was good as his paper, and he was never known to turn away anyone who needed credit. He was slightly bald now, and getting a bit too heavy around the middle, and he was troubled a bit by rheumatism. But that he had always worshiped Arian Bemis was no secret to anyone.

Even Arian herself knew it. To her uneasiness, too. When they were both ten years younger she had thrilled a bit at Charlie's clumsy attempts to be nice to her; but old Mis' Bemis had ridiculed the boy so bitingly that she had recoiled from him in a sort of shame. Oh, Mis' Bemis knew her business! She wanted no primal interest in Arian's life—no interest but herself, in fact.

And so here was Arian, in the prime of her years, good and lovely and prim as a pattern, spending herself on Ladies' Aid.

AND then the State of California took a hand in her life.

It sent the highway into the hills. First there was humming talk all over the county—wondering if they would actually get it, speculation as to where it would go if they did, and so on; whether or not it would hit Golden or leave it one side and go down the river. But that phase was over, and they knew they would have the great made road into the hills where for nearly eighty years there had been, first burro trails, then wagon roads, and then roads that motor cars could make if they were careful.

Excitement stirred in the town like bees in a hive. And presently there were actually surveyors there—active, clean-cut chaps in puttees and khaki—and then, in a certain spring, the road camps. They worked in all that summer from the railroad, and by the following April the forerunners came to Golden, making camp for headquarters. These were a group of pine shacks thrown up at the flat at the edge of town just below the schoolhouse—cook shack, bunkhouse, blacksmith shop, storehouses. There hadn't been so much of interest in the community since the feud between the Dollengers and Firths.

And then the men and equipment came in and settled, going back to the work on Highline Grade and working forward. They would be in Golden the better part of a year, so the superintendent of work told Ding Smith, the sheriff.

And it was this man whom fate had held in store all the years of Arian Bemis's life.

He was a tall man, broad of shoulder, narrow of hip, straight, with a grave face tanned to a ruddy brown. He wore a wide-brimmed hat set at an angle above his sharp blue eyes that could see so far across a mountain range, and his firm mouth had a belying line of tenderness.

His hair was thick and bronze-colored, and he walked with a straight long step that could carry him up hill and down all day and leave him vigorous at night. He had few words, but they meant things. His men did his bidding without question, and there was little talk of him or his methods. He had an office in one of the shacks, and his living quarters consisted of a tiny new cabin set a little way apart where the creek came winding down to cross the main road of the town. He seemed to have an eye to its beauty, an ear to its music.

And on the third day after he had taken up his habitat at Golden, Arian Bemis saw him.

She had been to the store herself that morning extra early to get the vegetables which Wong Foo, the old Chinaman, brought in from his garden in the Bottoms below the abandoned placer mine, and she was sweet as the day, as fresh. She had on a blue dress, starched and crisp, for she still adhered to her mother's ideals along that line, and her pretty black head was bare. It had long hair braided and wrapped around like a coronal, and there were little curls of it at her temples.

She was the only woman of her age in Golden who still had long hair.

A MAN has a perfect right to feel resentful and irritated when he meets a pretty girl, only to discover that she is lacking in a certain personal nicety.

"How can she help noticing it herself?" Underarm perspiration odor is so apparent to others, we wonder how the victim can be unconscious of it.

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WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS USE, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. It gives a feeling of security in this way that women appreciate.

And she met Bert Haman face to face on the little footbridge.

There were three of these pleasant little bridges in Golden, since the creek ambled all around through it, and they were just wide enough for people to pass by courteously stepping sidewise. So now the stranger turned to let her by, lifting his hat and smiling a bit.

And Arian, who had lived so tranquilly all her life, struck tumbling seas that moment. She looked at him wide-eyed, and something suddenly clutched her throat, so that she wanted to swallow and couldn't.

She couldn't even smile back at him. She only looked at him as if she had known him for many years and had been separated from him.

There was joy in the look, and relief, as if she had feared him lost and saw him returned, and she actually felt herself leaning toward him—she who had never leaned toward a man in all her virgin days.

Then she recovered herself and stepped by him, and the back of her lovely neck burned red. It wasn't with shame or embarrassment but with the warm tide of miraculous delight that suffused her.

She went home and set the basket of vegetables on the kitchen table for Hannah, went on into her own prim room with the half-drawn blinds inside the climbing vines, and sat herself down in a rocking-chair.

She folded her hands in her lap and smiled. She wasn't even thinking—just feeling.

Feeling the grace of a man's tall body, the straight look of his eyes, the beauty of him from head to foot.

He wore his wide hat differently. His clothes were part of him, admirable and good, well wearing. This man was admirable she knew instinctively. He would wear, too, like hard-weave cloth, dependably.

She was feeling all this in her inmost centers, smiling at it.

And for the first time in her life she knew what ecstasy was.

The town, the hills, the world were all suddenly vitally keen with interest, with beauty. And all because she had looked for six seconds in a strange man's face.

From that moment Arian Bemis was definitely and irrevocably in love.

She knew it and gloried in it. And she was innocent about it as the babe that crows in the sunlight. She asked and found out all there was to know about him. All the town knew. He was from Idaho originally. He was thirty-four years old. He had graduated from his state centers of learning—with honors, so Jameson, his head man on the work, said. Civil engineer, and a darned good one. A quiet man but efficient. He wasn't married. And he was no mixer, preferring to stay in his cabin at night, reading the few good periodicals which followed him about, poring over the problems of his work.

ALL this sounded entrancing to the girl. She smiled all the time, it seemed, over everything—the new kittens under the back porch, when the tiered wood in the shed fell down, and because she had a new dress to make, dark-red cloth which would make her look like a gypsy.

She made it, too—by the picture of one in the mail-order catalogue. It was different from the usual ones she made. It had suspender straps over the shoulders, and a dark-cream blouse under. And the town gasped with surprise when she wore it to church the following Sunday. It took about ten years off her age. It and the light in her face, the sparkle in her eyes.

And on the way home, with Hannah walking heavily beside her, she met him again. On the bridge again, too. The bridge was right where it should be, between her house and town, his cabin and town. And this time it was Arian who smiled, eagerly, sweetly, with the breath of the sermon on brotherly love all through it. She looked like an artist's conception of innocent womanhood, and she was innocent as she stepped sidewise, letting Hannah go first, that she might look at him more fully.

Bert Haman raised his hat again, smiled again.

"This bridge seems to arrange things, doesn't it?" he said pleasantly.

"Yes," breathed Arian, "it surely does. Oh, yes!"

"Good bridge," said the man.

That was all. But Arian didn't even see the house when she got to it, nor taste the good meal which Hannah set before her.

And it was the bridge which made the whole thing possible.

IT was strange how often they met there, how natural it was to stop a moment. Each knew, of course, who the other was. Youth and early summer, and twilight sometimes, did the rest. From stopping to talk a bit, it got so it seemed natural for Bert to turn and walk with Arian up to her gate, to talk a minute there, and finally, on a moonlit night when she had come home alone, as usual, from the weekly prayer meeting which the few devout ones of the town still held, to come in along the stone-flagged walk and sit down on the steps under the swinging curtains of the clematis vine.

Hannah, astonished beyond words, heard every word they said; but she could not hear the beating of Arian's heart, nor know the trembling in her hands.

The man talked quietly for the better part of an hour, telling her of his work, his reading, the different parts of the world he had been in. These were not many or far, but they sounded like Aladdin stuff to the girl who had never been beyond the confines of the county where she was born. She drank it in with open mouth—and Bert Haman saw the soft redness, the gentle curves of that sweet mouth in the mottled moonlight. Saw them, and a restlessness came into him, something which terminated his visit abruptly and sent him swinging down the path to the lower flat and his cabin.

But Arian didn't even know he had gone abruptly.

For the first time in her life a man had come to sit with her in the moonlight, and this man of all men upon the earth. This one man!

It didn't take long for the town to see a thing or two.

Little Billy Provine saw them talking on the bridge one dusk, and ran home yelling at the top of his lungs that "Arian's got a beau! Maw—oh, maw! Miss Arian's got a beau! I seen 'em! On th' bridge. It's th' boss—th' highway boss!"

The word went round like a ground fire in pines, and by ten o'clock in the morning everyone was buzzing.

"My land of Goshen!" the women said. "Good gracious! Oh, thank Heaven! Dear Arian!" And four of them came hurrying up before noon to take the girl to loving task.

"Is it true, Arian?" they wanted to know eagerly. "Has Mr. Haman been up here?"

"Yes," Arian said happily. "Unh-huh. Last night."

"Oh, how grand! He's a grand man, Arian. They say he's th' best civil engineer in th' state. You like him?"

"Oh!" the girl said ecstatically. "Oh, how could anyone help but like him?"

"Well, well, well!" the men said about town. "What you know about that? Wonder if he's good 'nough for Arian? Never can tell about strangers. We'd better find out somethin' more about him."

"Oh, goodness!" said the younger women. "Do let them alone! Give Arian a chance. Though it's a shame for Arian to get him, when we're all younger."

"She hasn't got him yet," said Charlie Jackson thinly. "Ain't you folks makin' a mountain out of a molehill? How you know she wants him? Arian's mighty cautious."

"Arian's in love," a woman told him bluntly. "We saw her face when we asked her about him."

"Oh, yeh? How long's he be'n here? Tell me that. Three weeks! How many times she seen him? Meby five-six."

"One's enough," said old Mis' Hensel flatly. "It was for me. I saw John at camp meetin'—an' I ain't never seen a man sence, not though he's be'n dead these thirty year."

SO the town buzzed more excitedly than it had over the coming of the highway. To see Arian happy, to see her love a man, to see the clutching hand of old Mis' Bemis, gone though it was, torn from the girl's life, was thrill and romance and pleasureful vengeance enough to fill the days and the evenings wherever little groups gathered.

And Arian didn't know whether she was on her head or her heels, so her neighbors said smilingly. She was like a singing bird, like a hill stream new loosed from winter's ice. She sang and sparkled and flew about her duties on winged feet. Her dark eyes were pools of joy, of expectancy.

And all this, mind you, before Bert Haman had so much as held her hand or kissed her. She knew, with the age-old instinct of woman, that he wanted to do both, and that was enough for her. It was in his blue eyes when he looked at her so gravely—in his lean brown face.

There was a gap after that night under the clematis vine when he stayed close to his cabin, and Arian did not meet him on the little bridge, though she maneuvered shamelessly to do so. Five days went by. And then the girl went down to see Mis' Hensel and came home later than usual. She walked slowly, making the most of time. And Bert Haman was coming down the trail from his cabin. They met just beyond the bridge this time, and Arian cried out—a little low thrilling sound that has told of love since the world began—and the man stopped in his tracks. It was too dark to see his face clearly and so she missed the look on it—a poor, strained look, desperate and pitiful.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly. "Oh, I'm glad to see you!" And she who had never voluntarily touched a man in all her virgin life held out her hands toward him as naturally and helplessly as a child.

For a moment this man hesitated, a sudden flood of things at war within him. Decency, for instance, and tenderness, and the greatest, sweetest instinct he'd ever known, and the black hosts of remorse, of warning. These thrust him back, the others pulled at his heart.

So he stood silent, gazing at her in the shadows; and Arian's outstretched hands slowly fell to her sides, her gay head drooped.

Cold agony chilled her. She felt disgraced, as if she had called to him and he had refused to come. The first premonition of life's sorrows and humiliations came upon her.

"Please," she said, "forgive me. I thought—"

But here Bert Haman reached out and took her hungrily against his breast, pressed his cheek to hers, held her as if he could never let her go.

"Yes," he said thickly. "Oh, my innocent darling! What did you think?"

"I thought," she whispered—"I thought—you—liked me."

"My God!" he groaned. "Like you! I love you, Arian! More than I can ever tell you, more than a man ever loved a woman before! I'd crawl round the world on my knees if I could serve you, could make you happy so!"

And Arian put her arms around his neck, gave her whole slim body to his embrace, laughing against his flannel shirt that smelled so entrancingly of tobacco smoke. "You don't have to do that!" she whispered ecstatically. "I'm so happy now I'm afraid! It's like—like paradise!"

So they went together up the path among the pines to the big white house, and sat together on the ancient steps under the clematis vine, and the immemorial glamour was on the world for them.

Hannah listened frankly, in her nightgown behind the upper window curtains—and heard nothing, for they whispered, also after the immemorial way of lovers. It was midnight before the girl came up to her prim little room, and she was starry-eyed, her lips smiled and smiled helplessly at the memory of their first love kisses.

After that night it was common knowledge that Bert Haman and Arian Bemis were for each other.

They walked openly in the town together. They went to the service at the church together. They flew together at every opportunity. Bert went to the big house regularly every evening after the day's work, and Arian and Hannah fed him, happily, with much laughter. Three times that month a long box came in from the railroad town, with a florist's name in the corner, and the women went up to see the long-stemmed flowers they had held.

"My land!" they said. "Them

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stems are long as my arm! I didn't know they could grow like that!"

"Neither did I," smiled Arian proudly; "but Bert says in the West Indies they grow three times that long."

It was remarkable what knowledge, what fairy glimpses of other places, what vicarious experiences Bert brought with him to Golden.

With Arian it was Bert, Bert, always Bert, on every corner.

When the Aid met, she told them all about his work in Panama, blooming radiantly in this new rôle, and they listened open-mouthed.

The town was busier and happier that summer than ever before, what with the buzzing about the work, the dances which the young folks got up, and the romances which sprouted among the girls of the place and the highway boys, as the young men who worked for the state were called.

But topping everything else, of more poignant interest than all else, were Arian and Bert. Golden watched their romance blossom with smiling eyes and frankly wagging tongues.

They had found out little about Bert Haman. No one of the crew seemed to know much about him, not even Jameson more than he had told at first. That he was a fine man the town agreed, quiet, efficient, given to minding his own business, and as fine a mate for their last Bemis as they could have gone out and found themselves. So they were satisfied and expectant. As the months passed they waited for Arian to announce the engagement, planning all sorts of things to do for them. A *charivari*, for one thing. But nothing happened. The two were together constantly. The work was going well. All seemed well. But deep down under its sense of pleasantness Golden had begun to stir uneasily.

What was the matter? Why didn't Arian tell them something?

Didn't she have anything to tell?

"What you expect?" asked Charlie Jackson thinly. "Threw her at his head, didn't you? Took up th' first stranger comes along just's if you'd known him always. Maybe he ain't marryin'."

"You hold your trap, Charlie," they told him. "You're jest jealous."

BUT something of Charlie's suspicion began to erode the happiness of Arian's love affair in the public mind. After Charlie's speech the women, who had accepted Bert Haman head, neck, and ears, began to whisper among themselves, though no one said anything as yet to Arian.

But when little Mamie Dunn ran away in the night and came back from the big town married to one of the truck drivers, and Essie Masters told the town she was going to marry Sammy Briggs, who was a powder man, they began to feel it was time for Bert and Arian to act.

Another week went by, and then Mis' Hensel asked the girl straight out.

"Arian honey," she said, right in the middle of Aid, "when you an' Bert plannin' to get married?"

A terrible red flush flew up into Arian's lovely face, and then it drained out, leaving her milk-white.

"Why, Mis' Hensel," she said distressedly, "I don't just know. We—we haven't—made any plans—yet."

"But you aim to, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" said Arian. "Of course."

But she busied herself feverishly over the cutting of a missionary garment, and the women looked at each other.

Before night every husband in Golden had heard about that flush, that paleness.

"Hm," they said collectively, "hm"—and all went down to the barber shop. It looked like a town caucus, as indeed it was.

It lasted till ten thirty and broke up with the firm intention of the whole town to wait upon Bert Haman, with a spokesman chosen and all.

"We'll find where he stands," they said apologetically but grimly. "Ain't no stranger comin' in here an' break Arian Bemis's heart—not if the town of Golden can help it!"

But, admirable as their intention and purpose were, they were not needed.

The very next day, before they had a chance in the evening, Old Man Life took the matter out of their hands.

A STRANGE motor car came in from the county at the west and a man asked where Bert Haman lived. He drove down to his cabin in the pine grove and stopped close at its door, and someone got out from behind the drawn curtains of the car and went in. They could not make sure who or what it was, for there seemed something secret and furtive about the whole proceeding, and the car drove out of town the way it had come in.

And at sundown Golden got its first touch of tragedy in thirty years. For Arian, sweet in a fresh print dress, with her black hair braided softly around her little head, met Bert Haman in front of the store, and cried out at his ghastly face.

"Oh, Bert!" she cried. "What's the matter? You sick? You been hurt? Something happen on the work? Tell me quick!" And she caught him by the shoulders, searching his face, feeling of his flesh to see if he were injured.

The man looked at her, and the witnesses said afterward he was like a dying man. There was no blood in his face, and it seemed as if the flesh had suddenly gone from it too, leaving it stark with bones.

He didn't say a word. There wasn't time, for a woman was coming swiftly up the street—a stranger, a small fair woman, young and pretty.

She wore cheap and flashy clothes that showed too much of her, and her cheeks and lips were bright with paint.

Her wide gray eyes under her yellow hair were cold and angry.

She came with a rush and stopped before Arian and Bert.

"So!" she said. "You're the hussy that's got him, are you? That *think* you've got him! But you only *think* so! Lay off! Take your hands off him!"

She flung forward and catching Arian's hands flung them violently aside. The two women looked at each other, Arian in utter and stupid amaze, the other with the venom of her kind.

Nine folk of Golden saw this much. Nearly the whole town saw the rest, for they came running. They heard the rest, too. And Major Henry Bemis came back from his hillside grave to speak again when at last his granddaughter found her tongue.

The Bemises had always been people of quick thought,

VANISHING AMERICA

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quick action, in a crisis. Now, with the look on the stranger's angry face, Arian knew without a question what she faced. She did turn and look at Bert Haman once, and what she saw there satisfied her.

A thin white line began to show around her mouth; her nostrils dilated. Major Henry had looked so when his Vigilantes caught the second murdering outlaw.

Arian moved on her feet, wet her lips, smoothed her hands down across her slender hips, for all the world as if she prepared for action.

"Yes?" she said. "And who are you?"

"I'm Bert Haman's woman!" the other flashed. "Now what are you going to do?"

"See what Bert says," said Arian, and looked up at him. "This true, Bert?" she asked.

The witnesses said that if ever a man was crucified living, it was Bert Haman that moment. He looked at Arian and his mouth twitched. His eyes were sunk in deep hollows.

"Yes," he said, "it's true."

"When? How long?"

"Couple of years. Three, counting—counting—this summer."

"Where?"

"Everywhere! Every place I've been! Except here!"

There was a ring of desperation in the words, and the listeners got the sound of a man's regret, his entanglements.

Arian was standing up straight and tall, and she looked more than ever like Major Henry.

"Why not here?"

"I—couldn't stand it—here. Paid her—to stay away."

"Mean you didn't want her here—because of—me?"

"Oh, my God! I didn't want her anywhere! Here—yes, because of you."

"Tell me," the girl said gently. "Do you love this woman, Bert?"

"No!"

"Ever love her?"

"Oh, Arian! You—you can't understand. It was—life—one of those things that happen. Liked her—at first. Not love. I never loved anyone but—"

He had the grace to leave the word unsaid.

"I see," said Arian grimly.

THE town said afterward that they didn't know Arian Bemis. It was as if the happy, laughing, innocent girl had gone and a shrewd fighting woman had come in her place. She was fighting—for her life. "Then let's get this straight, before witnesses," she said. "You don't love nor want this woman?"

"No."

"You do love and want me?"

"Oh, God!" he cried again, paying for his sins. "Can you ask that? More than my life—more than anything on earth!"

Arian smiled thinly, spread her hands.

"Then I don't know what more need be said. You"—turning to the woman—"are just out of luck. You've had him. You've lost him. I'm sorry for you—for any woman losing Bert Haman. But he's mine now. And what are *you* going to do about it?"

"A lot, damn you!" screamed the other. "He's not your kind! He's mine!"

"He's my kind now," said Arian, "and I'll keep him so."

"Oh, you will, will you? You just wait!"

The speaker whirled, ran a few steps down the street, dashed into Canning's alley, and came flying back—and she held a year-old baby in her arms, a little black-eyed girl.

"There!" she shrieked, thrusting it forward. "Now whose man is he?"

FOLKS said later that they saw again old Major Henry die.

They saw the same anguished giving up of life, the good green world of pine and rushing streams, when Arian beheld the child.

They said her dark eyes widened and her fresh cheeks sank in on the structure of her face, exactly as Bert's seemed to have done, and she stared at the two with her mouth open. So long she stared that the onlookers began to move on their feet, fearing something had happened to her. Charlie Jackson laid a hand on her arm, but she pushed it off. Then finally she looked up at Bert again.

"This—true—too?" she said in a whisper.

The man didn't answer, but she didn't need words to establish his guilt. It was writ large in his anguished face.

The girl spread her hands, turned away. She never said another word, but started for the old white house at the town's edge—and the whole crowd walked with and behind her, leaving Bert Haman and his woman standing alone with the child between them.

She didn't say a word at her gate, nor on the porch, nor in the kitchen where they followed her, but went on to that little prim room of hers which had seen her whole life. They left her there and returned to the street and their women who had gathered there.

Bert Haman had gone to his own cabin, carrying the child, and shut himself in with his tragedy of wrong.

And Golden held its first mass meeting since the '50s to deal with a man's life. They talked loud and continuously, and the hum of it could be heard clear up the hill to Arian's house. The highway boys came down, all of them, and their voices were for their boss, who was a damned good man, they said, if he had got in bad. What did they think a lonely man was, anyway? An angel or something? How many of them, the men of the town, had clear skirts where women were concerned?

They had to fight three times, and almost had to fight the women, and

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the humming talk got louder. It was little old Tommy Purdy, of all men, who turned out to be the leader, and a real one. It was he who got the rope from the back room of the store, asking nobody, and flung it like a snake among them all.

"What did Golden do in 'fifty-six," he cried in his shrill old voice, "when Dornlee killed Furguson? Strung him up! And what when one Smith had raped a woman on the Bitter Fork? Strung *him* up! And what has Bert Haman done? Killed Arian Bemis's soul! *String him up!*"

It's strange what mob psychology will do. It took this crowd of twentieth-century men and scraped them to their ancestral bones.

John Canning grabbed the rope from Tommy. Pete Hollister caught it—so did Nate Briggs. Even Mis' Pratson, mother of three girls, found her hand on it and recoiled in quick shame. But the men were not ashamed. They pushed together in a solid mass, leaning in, with the highway boys against them, backing and breast to breast, and they began to move—down the street toward Bert Haman's cabin. What did they mean? the highway men yelled. This wasn't murder! Couldn't lynch a man for anything less!

No? Wasn't murder to kill a woman's soul in her body? And Arian Bemis's soul? Arian Bemis was the heart of Golden. Her forebears had made the town. *Get out of the way!*

It was Hannah who heard the great high humming of the talk, saw the pouring, struggling crowd, knew its portent instantly. Hannah had seen the like before—seen a composite monster just like this one go through to its bitter end. She watched a while and then went on swift feet to Arian's door.

"Come, Arian!" she called in a tense clear voice. "They're goin' to hang Bert."

THAT clear cry was like a cannon shot. It brought Arian Bemis out of her sanctuary, bareheaded, on the run. She took one long look from the edge of the porch and then leaped down the ancient steps. She, the loveliest thing, they said afterward, that ever the town saw, as she came toward them running like a deer, with long graceful leaps, her arms outspread and her long braids, loosed from their prim pins, whipping down her back. Her mouth was open and her eyes were like dark pools of stormy water. She flung herself literally in upon them, her arms about the neck of John Canning, who held the rope.

"Stop!" she cried, panting. "Oh, stop! It's hard enough for me now! I'll die if you—if you— Oh, John Canning, stop!"

Well, Canning let go the rope and put his arms around her, and everybody stood still, their breaths whistling in the sudden stillness.

The highway boys pulled away a little bit.

It was getting good twilight now, and they could hear Arian crying on John Canning's breast, hear him saying, "S-s-s-sh! S-s-s-sh!"

The women had begun to cry too, and so presently the mob was no mob any more but Arian's neighbors, who took her up the hill again to the big white house.

And then a strange situation was in the town.

The fathers waited on Bert Haman early in the morning, before the crews went out to the grade, and told him to get out of Golden, and get out then. But this tall man with the haggard eyes faced them quietly and said that no, he couldn't do that. He was responsible to the state for the work he had pledged himself to do, and until a suitable man was sent in to take over, he'd not leave.

"But no one need see me," he said. "I'll take my medicine and get out as soon as possible. I've already telephoned to state headquarters. But further than this you cannot force me."

So two days, three, went by, and the stark cabin beyond the bridge housed all of tragedy that Golden ever wanted to see—that and the Bemis place. But there was some delay in sending in the new man to take Bert Haman's place, and more tense, still days went by.

Bert went early and came late to and from the work, and no one saw him.

Everyone knew the woman was still at the cabin, for she had not been taken out of town, and the highway men took down what supplies were needed. And then the last act was written to the little human play.

WORD got around that the woman was gone—cleared out in the night, in Bert's own car, with one of the jack-hammer men. One of those who had brought the supplies to the cabin. *And she had left the child!* This news flew through the town on Sunday morning, and Hannah, coming from the church where for the first time since Arian's childhood she had worshiped alone, heard it from a dozen tongues.

She went straight home to Arian—and once more the town of Golden saw its Major Henry walking.

He walked in the person of Arian, who came down the hill from the big white house that golden Sabbath day and went straight to the cabin beyond the footbridge; and all his forthright courage was in her face.

She stood in the open door and looked in—at Bert Haman sitting by the little table with the crying child in his arms, his face the page of sin and its punishment, if ever that page lay open to human eyes.

"Bert," the girl said clearly, "tell me—is that child yours? It don't *look* like you."

The man looked up at her, haggard, white.

"I don't know," he said. It was no time for anything but the stark truth. "I don't think so."

"Then why—tell me—why did you take—all this?"

"Because"—he choked a little on the bitter words—"because I was guilty—as guilty as—the rest; and—no one else would—would own it. I could pay for its keep—could see that it— Oh, my God, Arian! Please go home! You don't know! You can't understand!"

"Give me that baby," Arian said clearly. "I understand that you're one man in ten thousand. The best man in this world! There's a heart in you—a soul—and you're brave. You're the kind of man I want to spend my life with. My kind of man. Give me the child, Bert. If no one else wants it we'll keep it. I've got love enough in me for both of you."

And she went in and gathered them both against her virgin breast—and her starched white dress was wet with more than the baby's tears.

And presently Golden saw all the teachings of its little church, its Ladies' Aid, its lodge rituals, exemplified literally and to the very letter. For these two strong folk walked openly up the path among the pine needles to the big white house that had come round the Horn, and they carried between them, their arms securely twined, the nameless babe.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the most northerly town in the world?
2—How old was Napoleon during his first campaign?
3—What is the altitude of the Dead Sea?
4—Did Brazil declare war on Germany?
5—Who invented the pendulum clock?
6—Who was the first president of the Red Cross?
7—From what wood are toothpicks usually made?
8—What part of a wheel is the nave?
9—From what did the Skye terrier derive its name?
10—What is a cygnet?
11—What is a somniloquist?
12—Who wrote, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"?
13—After whom was Friday named?
14—From what country were the Virgin Islands acquired?
15—What famous street begins at a graveyard and ends at a river?
16—What famous philosopher was tutor of Alexander the Great?
17—What is the periosteum?
18—What is an agronomist?
19—Can a government employee's salary be garnisheed?
20—How did the name "port" wine originate?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

HAPPY DAYS

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

DO YOU LOOK YOUR AGE, OR ARE YOU SLIM?—FOOTBALL FOR BOYS—A MENU AND A WHITE HOUSE RECIPE—THE "NO" HABIT, AND THE URGE TO "GO SOMEWHERE"

HAVEN'T you often sat in a restaurant, as I have by myself, and heard a rather stout lady at the next table say, "I don't know why I keep putting on weight. I don't eat very much and I watch what I eat very carefully." And, as I suspected, two large sweets were served to the lady for dessert!

I'm free to admit that I occasionally, though not regularly, take a squint at the scales with an eye to the upward swing of the indicator. I am lucky, however, because I happen to like most outdoor exercises and the tempting box of candy holds no particular charm for me. Seriously, I feel that putting on excess weight is one of the quickest ways for women to grow unreasonably older in appearance. And, after all, who wants to look her age?

The author and her two children.

MANY a mother's heart is pounding a little faster as the football season approaches and her son has been told that he is "good material." There are accidents in football just as there are in automobiles. If your boy attends a school where football is an activity, I don't see how it is possible to forbid him to play. He'd suffer no end of torment from the other fellows if you did, and he might decide to live up to the sure title of "sissy." Isn't the wisest course to take football for granted and try to understand the game?

MY mother asked the home economics department at Cornell University last spring for suggestions for menus which would adequately feed an average American family as economically as possible. I thought you might be interested in a complete day's menu and in one recipe over which I have seen White House guests wax enthusiastic. The following menu is for a family of six:

Breakfast: Farina with milk and sugar. Buttered whole-wheat toast. Milk for children, coffee for adults.

Dinner: Meat loaf with creamed potatoes. Lettuce salad. Whole-wheat bread and butter. Stewed prunes. Milk for children.

Supper: Scalloped tomatoes with cheese. Whole-wheat bread and butter. Scotch wafers. Cocoa for all (weak cocoa to young children).

And here is the recipe for Scotch wafers, which, by the way, are delicious for tea, too:

2 cups rolled oats
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons fat
1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup milk

Mix the dry ingredients, add the fat, and mix thoroughly. Add enough milk to make a dough sufficiently hard to roll (about ⅓ cup). Knead this dough well. Roll very thin and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a moderately hot oven (over 375° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, the wafers should be very crisp.

ALMOST every time I read anything about child psychology, I keep seeing the word "negativism," which, I have gathered, means a "no" complex. All mothers have gone through the trying periods with their children when "no" seems to be the only answer the children will make. It is supposed to be fairly natural for children between two and three, but when it becomes habitual I think it is time for parents to pause and take stock of themselves. I wonder how many times a day we mothers use the word "no" with our children as compared with the word "yes."

I once, for the fun of it, tried to keep a score on myself on my yeses and noes, and regretted to report at the end of the day that the noes had won by a tremendous landslide. Why shouldn't my child imitate me? The next day I tried to correct my children with positive instead of negative statements. For example, when one child thought of the lovely game of pouring his milk on the floor, instead of crying, "No, no!" I said, "Please put your cup on the table at once."

It is interesting to find out that some children respond to reasoning at an early age, while others do not. This has been brought home very graphically to me by my own two children. One night neither of them wanted to go to bed. Finally I cornered them both and tried to explain in as few clear words as possible why bedtime was a necessity, and proceeded to follow up my words with action, taking the younger by his hand to bed. He came with me without a murmur and told me calmly that he was sleepy.

I turned around to look for the older child and found that she had disappeared completely. When I found her I asked her if she didn't remember what we had just talked about, and she said, "Yes, but I'm having fun; I'm not sleepy; I don't care if I do get sick." I then told her she might stay up as long as she pleased if she stayed in her own room where she would not disturb her sleeping brother. Half an hour later I went to her room to find her undressed, in bed, and sound asleep.

A GIRL whom I know very well, a private secretary in a large office, told me that she was interested in a paragraph I had written for Liberty in which I said that I felt that young people today live at too high a tempo and need to develop more inward resources. I asked her why and she told me this story:

"I come from a town of one hundred and fifty people in the Catskills. We have no movie theater and our town hall burned down. We naturally had long evenings and I learned to spend this time reading, sewing, and painting. When I came to New York, I was so surprised to have the young friends I made say every night after supper, 'Where will we go now? What will we do?' They always seemed to have to be going somewhere."

This prompted me to say: "How do you follow up these hobbies now? Or have you abandoned them?"

She answered: "Most certainly not. I went to art school in the evening all last winter and I balance my personal budget by making my own clothes and Christmas and birthday gifts. And, strangely enough, I still love a quiet evening at home with a book." Then she added: "Of course I do go out when I feel like it, and I have an awful lot of fun."

Let's hope that this young woman is not a member of a vanishing tribe!

Laugh, LAU

The PRIVATE JIMMY

Acme photo

Times Square as it looked that election night when Broadway's own Jimmy first became mayor.

Senator Walker Struts His Stuff—Who Can Defeat "Red Mike"?—Broadway's Boy-Friend Is Elected Mayor and Goes on a Vacation

(Reading time: 22 minutes 5 seconds.)

JIMMY'S first real plunge into Broadway night life was pictured in last week's installment. He took it in the years just before the World War, when he was a member of the New York State Assembly. Then Tom Foley, Tammany's Warwick, promoted him to a seat in the State Senate. Meanwhile he was indulging in the practice of law. Among the cases that came his way politically were those in which his client was a Chicago packing company at odds with the New York City health department over so-called "spoilt meat"—and which were to be thrown up to Jimmy by the opposition when he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor.

The war, the Big Parade, came and went, turning city, state, and nation topsy-turvy and leaving behind it prohibition and the jazz age. It seems to have passed Jimmy by without touching him; he, Mr. Collins remarks, was campaigning—to legalize Sunday baseball in New York City. But he was also building himself up tremendously at Albany, gaining much newspaper publicity and making full use of his talent for friendship. He was likewise, as leader of his party in the state Senate, effectually sponsoring Governor Al Smith's measures. In those days Jimmy and Al were the best of friends.

Part Four—The Tiger Puts on a Tuxedo

THE bills by which Jimmy is remembered in Albany were not Al Smith's bills; they weren't the party's bills; they were *his* bills. For one man that knew that Jimmy led the fight in the Senate for Governor Smith's program of child welfare and clean hospitals and governmental reform, there were thousands who knew that he was in the forefront of the fight for movies and boxing and baseball and beer.

Jimmy fought for these things because he liked them. It was his good luck that a great many other people liked them too!

They were more than his interests. They were his friends' interests. He knew the movie men. He had worked for them. There was continual talk of his working for them again. He knew the boxing men. There was scarcely a prominent prize fighter that he did not call by his first name; never a prominent fight that he didn't attend in a front-row seat. His close friend Billy Gavin, who ran the National Sports Club, was admittedly the instigator of the Walker Boxing Bill. He knew the baseball men. He had been a semiprofessional baseball player himself. His friend Judge McQuade (later removed) was a close friend of John J. McGraw. Walker himself was almost as regular an attendant at the Polo Grounds as Harry Stevens. Harry ran the bar.

There was nothing wrong in all this. Nobody ever insinuated that the movie men or the fight men or the baseball men ever paid Jimmy Walker anything for putting them in a position to make a lot of money that they wouldn't otherwise have made. No one ever suggested that they handed him a bond or opened a joint account.

But human nature—especially such a very human

U. & U. News photo

Tammany leader Olvany, Jimmy, and Governor Al Smith shaking hands on Jimmy's first election.

Town, GH! LIFE OF WALKER

Acme photo

Jimmy, the "perpetual Broadway juvenile," when first he was a candidate for Mayor of New York.

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

nature as Jimmy Walker's—is human nature. The conclusion is inevitable that it was Jimmy the Pal and not Jimmy the Statesman who fathered the legislation on which his reputation as the people's friend is chiefly based.

He had hardly felt his feet firmly planted on the floor of the Senate before not only his fellow members but the entire population of Albany tumbled to the fact that a young man from Manhattan was putting on a one-man show that nobody should miss. And few did.

First-hand observers of the Albany scene were unanimous in paying tribute to his drawing powers. "When he was scheduled to speak," said one of them, "the galleries were crowded, and the applause almost continuous, as he walked swiftly up and down the broad center aisle: a slim, excited figure with his dark hair in disorder, dressed like a Broadway actor, relishing the laughter that his sallies earned."

"His speeches at the Monday-night opening sittings," according to another, "became famous and were among the main attractions of the state Capitol. People came to hear him as they would a musical or theatrical star."

"During the closing nights of each session"—the quotation this time is from a newspaper account of the period—"when tempers grow short, and senators hope to push through in the scramble their own pet measures, Jimmy is at his best. Telephone calls come to Eddie Stanton, his secretary, and ask:

"'Is there going to be anything hot tonight?'

"If there is, the galleries are packed. As many women as men are there, all to watch Jimmy do his stuff. Jimmy, tossing his head back for a preliminary glance upward, pounces into the aisle. Each performance is as good as his last. He never disappoints an audience."

U. & U. News photo

Justice Robert F. Wagner (now U. S. Senator) administers the oath of office to Mayor Jimmy Walker.

THE chances were better than even that Jimmy knew nothing about the bill he was about to discuss beyond what he had picked up in the preceding few minutes of discussion. Measures which he personally introduced were usually read to him in the old school-days fashion.

He would prowl up and down the aisle stalling for time, waiting for an idea to come to him, or, better still, an interruption from the other side. Jimmy loved interruptions.

Once when he was attacking William H. Anderson, the Anti-Saloon League's lobbyist at Albany who afterward went to jail, he shouted:

"Anybody who was not insulted by Anderson's statements is not capable of being insulted."

Senator Thompson of Niagara, a militant dry, protested. "What did Anderson say?" he demanded.

This was pie for Jimmy.

"If you don't know," he said, "it is the first time his message hasn't reached you."

On another occasion, Senator Lusk, the Republican whip, sought to forestall one of Jimmy's laugh-provoking sallies by shouting:

"Hold on! Is this a vaudeville show?"

"Yes," Jimmy replied, "and you're the prestidigitator."

The comeback in each case got a laugh. But it was obvious that this sort of thing was something more than clowning. No one realizes the value of this readiness of wit more keenly than Jimmy himself.

"Yes, I know," he once said to an interviewer, "they call me Jimmy the Jester, but if I'd been born with chronic maladjustment of the sense of humor they'd call me Walker the Weeper." Then he added in his knowing way, "When I take up dignified posing as a fine art I won't mind if they call me Jimmy the Gesture."

You can't help liking the guy!

Then, of course, there was the continuing flow of wise cracks:

"The steal works at Albany."

"This town"—another crack at Albany—"is all hills, nothing on the level."

"This is the first time"—anent the so-called pure-book bill—"that I've heard of a book ruining a young woman."

The boys who cover Albany for the New York papers are no fools. They know copy when they see it—and they don't see it often enough in Albany to make their eyes sore. They fell upon Jimmy Walker as manna sent from whatever there is in politics that corresponds to heaven.

And they broadcast his every saying throughout the metropolitan press. Off the floor of the Assembly as well as on, Jimmy's words were widely quoted and widely read.

"Well, Jimmy," some reporter would ask, "do you think prohibition will last forever?"

"Perhaps it will," the obliging senator would reply, "if it ever gets started."

Or: "Will Al Smith go to Washington?"

"He will if there's a truckmen's convention there."

Just like that! No wonder Jimmy became the newsman's delight—and no wonder they became his friends!

JIMMY was in no sense a *creation* of the newspaper boys. He was not "built up" as a radio or movie star is. He had no press agent, and he did not need one. He was himself—and as such he was copy. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that he owed his political advancement directly to these copy-writing friends; and, to Jimmy Walker's credit be it said, he has never tried to deny it.

"They took a hundred-and-twenty-five-pound politician," he once said of them, "and made him into the Mayor of New York City."

Anyhow, Jimmy Walker found himself a public character, and a candidate—for the first time, in his own right—for political preferment.

For the first time, perhaps for the only time, in his long political career the little Greenwich Village boy measured up to the situation in which he found himself. More, he dominated it. His reputation as a wit, combined with the known fact that he was always "on the right side" when it came to legislation affecting New York City (especially New York City pleasures, like Sunday movies and Sunday ball games) had so endeared him to the voters that the leaders, even if they had been unfriendly — which they were not—could not have ignored him.

U. & U. News photo

The morning after election—Jimmy's smile of victory, with Allie's smile right beside it.

SO when Smith and the others began looking around for a man who could beat the perennial Hylan, they naturally bethought themselves of Jimmy.

"What sort of a mayor would Jimmy Walker make?" one district leader was asked.

"A lousy mayor," was the reply, "but oh, boy, what a candidate! *What* a candidate!"

The decision rested with Smith, who was frankly of two minds. He liked Jimmy. Who didn't? But he didn't approve of him. Al was a family man. When he came down from Albany his wife invariably met him at the Grand Central; and sometimes they went over to Times Square to see a show. When Jimmy came down he went to Times Square too; but seldom, in these later days, with his wife.

By this time Jimmy had definitely "gone Broadway."

He began showing up in the night-life resorts with girls who, like himself, were copy. He was now somebody to be seen with; so were they. And they were seen—plenty. There was nothing that Jimmy would have called "serious" about any of these companions of his midnight tours. They were for the most part casuals of the Broadway sea. Certainly there was no Betty Compton in Jimmy's Broadway picture at this time. But just as certainly there was no Allie Walker.

The story goes that Al called Jimmy in and told him that he must cut out this Broadway stuff, and that Jimmy refused. Politically he may have been right. As a Broadway butterfly he was a novelty in politics. What somebody has called his "bobolink buoyancy" contrasted neatly with the elephantine sententiousness of the average politician. At all events, he didn't give up Broadway. He never did—to the very end of his colorful political career.

What really happened between Al Smith and Jimmy Walker during this historic conversation nobody knows but Al and Jimmy; and it is improbable that either will ever tell. But this we do know: without any craven cutting out of the Broadway stuff, Jimmy did behave a little more circumspectly than he had been behaving. He and Allie were seen around together in public places. And in due course he was told that he was to get the nomination.

Jimmy's reception of the news was typical of the man.

"Say!" he called to his friends in the Senate press box. "If

International photo

Jimmy, Col. Jake Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, and Judge Landis at a ball park as the season opens.

you've got cracked lips, don't listen—but they tell me I'm to be the next Mayor of New York!"

In nothing has the Hon. James J. Walker been so fortunate as in his predecessor in the mayoralty, the Hon. John F. ("Red Mike") Hylan, and in his successor, the Hon. John P. ("Boo-boo") O'Brien. Between the two the flashy Jimmy shines like a diamond.

Mayor O'Brien, for example, had scarcely taken his seat in the Board of Estimate before there were editorial cries for the return from Elba of that bright figure, "whose thin ghost still hangs around such gatherings."

Boo-boo meant well. He tried to be friendly with the reporters. "Oh," he blurbed on one occasion, "I'd love to be a newspaperman because I love the classics and I love good literature." But after two weeks of literary effort on his part, Time recorded that "veteran reporters, accustomed to the neat nothings of James John Walker," were still attempting to "extract sense from the new Mayor's utterances," and concluded that whereas "Mayor Walker was famed for conscious witticisms, Mayor O'Brien is already celebrated for humor of another kind."

It is too early as yet to know whether Boo-boo has come too late. It may be that no hoisting machinery, no matter how heavily weighted at the far end, can raise Jimmy Walker from the political oblivion into which he has apparently sunk. But if anyone is able to furnish the necessary ballast, it is John Patrick O'Brien.

Of Red Mike's part in the original hoisting there can be no doubt. Less ponderous physically than the Hon. Boo-boo, he was mentally even more naïve. Mr. Norman Thomas voiced a scathing reflection upon his "intelligence and charm." Other observers were less restrained. One of these was Al Smith, while governor. According to a reporter, he characterized His Honor in terms more disparaging than delicate.

THE governor knew his man. As president of the Board of Aldermen, he had observed the mayor at close range. On one occasion, when the Board of Estimate was discussing a new tunnel under the Hudson River, His Honor suddenly burst out with:

"This tunnel, now—is it your plan to build it by the open cut or by the bore method?"

"A tunnel under a river by an open cut!" exclaimed Al Smith. "You'd have to hire fish to build it!"

Red Mike combined with this almost unbelievable innocence a colossal self-satisfaction. Someone said that his theme song should have been We Flipped the Light Bombastic on the Sidewalks of New York. Certainly he laid himself open to some of Jimmy Walker's sharpest javelins by covering those sidewalks, and the streets and hoardings adjacent thereto, with the most blatantly boastful statements that this, that, and the other public improvement—paid for, of course, with the public's money—was being accomplished, apparently single-handed, by "John F. Hylan, Mayor of New York."

It is easy to see that Red Mike was the prize foil, the shining target, for his newly picked opponent, Senator James J. Walker. It is not difficult to see, either, that if the senator had not been a more or less inevitable choice as that opponent, he would have been an inspired one.

Hylan, it must be remembered, was also a Democrat. He had the active backing of the powerful Hearst press. He had the backing of Boss McCooey of the populous Brooklyn borough in which he lived, and of the latter's two allies, Boss Connolly of Queens and Boss Rendt of Richmond—three out of five of the city's borough leaders. In his two previous campaigns he had had the reluctant but official support of Tammany Hall. And, human nature being what it is, he had developed a large personal following: his popular votes had been unparalleled in the city's history; and, being in office, he controlled the patronage machine at City Hall.

AGAINST this strength, if Tammany Hall hoped to wrest from Hearst the actual control of government in New York City, it was necessary to throw greater strength; against this popularity, greater popularity. There was even talk of Al Smith's resigning the governorship and coming back to the home town to run for the mayoralty nomination. It is quite possible that Al would have done it if he had not been convinced that Jimmy Walker, with his hosts of friends and with practically no enemies, was the man for the political breach.

Of all the acts of his political career there is probably none which Al Smith regrets more today than his choice of Broadway Jimmy for the mayoralty. Yet, at the time, there could hardly have been a move more politically astute.

Jimmy the Wit was the ideal person to "show up" Hylan the Clown. The quicker Jimmy was, the slower Hylan seemed; the cleverer, the stupider. And although the pro-Hylan Hearst press insisted right up to the day of the primaries that a man of Walker's stripe was "unthinkable for the chief magistracy of the greatest city in the world," the city itself did not agree.

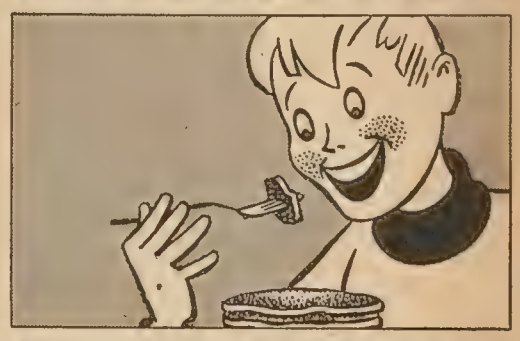
Jimmy won the Democratic nomination 250,000 to 150,000, carrying even Hylan's home borough of Brooklyn; and the election by more than 400,000.

The latter, of course, was a farce. Someone has said that it is easier for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than it is for a Republican to become Mayor of New York.

"As usual in New York City," commented Al Smith, "the Republican Party defeated itself. It nominated a man not known to the rank and file of the people and having no public record of any kind." In this case the man's name was Waterman.

BIG BOYS AGREE

WITH SMALL ONES!



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Portrait of a

He's in the Big Leagues an Be a Hero, and Doesn't Car and the Busine

(Reading time: 9 minutes 22 seconds.)

JAKE EHRICH is a southpaw with one of the Western clubs in the American League. That isn't his real name but this is the real picture of a player who isn't famous but who will have ten good years in the big leagues and maybe fifteen, if they pick his spots. We hear a great deal about Babe Ruth and Lefty Gomez and Dizzy Dean, but very little about the hundreds like Jake Ehrich who make up the background of baseball, get few of the headlines, and are remembered only after their passing by the ultrafanatic fans who never forget anybody. Without the Jake Ehrichs there would be no baseball.

Jake has never had any trouble getting jobs, because he throws what is technically known as the " green pea " —a fast ball the hitters can't see. He is twenty-seven and is making $6,500 this year and owes everything to a school-teacher who had sense enough to let him alone when he started writing left-handed. He went to one of the Pennsylvania colleges which specializes in baseball, and played in the summer time on Cape Cod under an assumed name. He had a chance to sign up with the St. Louis Cardinals, but he didn't want to go down to Houston because he heard the summers were too hot. He liked college, but he quit after his sophomore year when he had an offer from Bridgeport in the Eastern League. He stayed up there two years before Baltimore bought him.

His first year with Baltimore wasn't so good. He got an infected heel from a pair of shoes that didn't fit and was in the hospital two weeks, but that didn't turn out so badly, because that was where he met Elsie, who nursed him and later married him. He hobbled around for a month before he could pitch again and won only eight games that year.

Baltimore was thinking of farming him out to Cumberland. But next spring down South he beat the Athletics on Monday and Brooklyn on Friday of the same week, and had a big year after that, winning twenty-two and losing seven.

Jake is now a successful pitcher. He has the bulge in his cheek which comes from holding a quid of slippery elm or chewing tobacco, and is five eleven and weighs one eighty, and is a cross between Duster Mails and Elon Hogsett. His ambition is to hit fungoes like Jack Quinn, who can put so much top spin on them it's almost impossible for a fielder to handle them.

When the game starts, he sits on the bench near the middle, where he won't be bothered by players going by, and keeps his eyes on the diamond. When everybody is going stale in September after a hard season, he is still sitting there studying the hitters. He remembers everything he learns. It doesn't take any brains; he just does it.

When he first broke in he was more eager and did the following things which he wouldn't do now: (*a*) Jumped up and waved his arms when going from first to second, trying to break up a double play. The ball hit him square on the forehead and he

He tried to cool off by sticking his head in a bucket. Passed out.

doesn't jump up any more. (*b*) Tried to cool off on a hot day in St. Louis by sticking his head in the water bucket. Passed out and fell on his head. (*c*) Forgot to take out his slippery elm and swallowed it in the excitement of stretching a double into a triple. Became very ill, slippery elm tasting like ipecac. (*d*) Tried repartee with Waite Hoyt, the wittiest man in baseball. No luck. Hoyt is the man who referred to Leo Durocher, who is a wonderful fielder and a terrible hitter, as " the All-American out."

He thinks Herb Pennock is the finest man in baseball and hopes before he is through to have a pitching style like that. But his real hero is Burleigh Grimes, who takes baseball as a religion, fighting, crabbing, fielding all over the place, hitting, running the bases, and being sore when he doesn't win. He saw Grimes several times the year he was winning fifteen straight for the Giants, and still thinks McGraw was a sap to let him go.

He and Elsie have an apartment within street-car distance of the ball park and he gets down there around twelve thirty every day when the club is at home. Elsie goes South with the team in the spring but doesn't make any trips during the season. When Jake is pitching he goes down a little later, so he won't have to wait around so long before he warms up.

ELSIE comes down about an hour before game time and sits with the other wives in the reserved seats, not the boxes, behind the plate, and they talk about the children and the movies. They seldom talk to their own husbands on the field but generally banter a little with the players on the other team.

Jake plays poker and pinochle on trips, but not bridge. He has met and been introduced to Babe Ruth at least fifty times, and Babe still says, " Hello, kid," when he meets him or, if he wants to introduce him to somebody else, says, " This here is —uh—Joe." This doesn't annoy Jake because he knows that Babe doesn't know the last names of men he's been playing with on the Yankees for years.

During the off season he plays volley ball and hand ball to keep down weight. He doesn't take on much weight and isn't a " rubber-belly," a fat man who wears a reducing corset. The name comes from Bob Shawkey, who once fashioned a reducer of his own out of two inner tubes.

He never gets tired collecting stories about Babe Herman and thinks that anybody who doesn't believe Babe is a great player is crazy. He laughs just as hard every time he tells the story about Babe and the cigar. In this story, Babe, in his customary high-stepping manner, is galloping through the lobby of the hotel when he sees a baseball writer.

By KYLE S

Illustrations

There is nothing in the record to indicate that Jimmy Walker's mind, even under the broadening influence of travel, was concerned with more important topics than these. But the presumption is that he did absorb something on this first trip which made him more *au courant* than he would otherwise have been with the world in which he was about to become a figure.

One thing the trip surely did for him: it made him known outside the boundaries of his state. It is not too much to say that Jimmy Walker's name had been a household word in Albany and in certain parts of New York City for several years; and throughout the state he was a fairly well known person. But to the American electorate as a whole he was practically unknown. He not only took advantage of this opportunity to advertise himself, but he did not forget Tammany Hall. For example:

"I am sorry to disappoint those who picture a Tammany man as an individual with heavy jowl, a predatory nose, and a pugnacious jaw. I am sorry the check-suit-and-heavy-watch-chain period in New York politics has ended. I am sorry to disappoint those who associated the Bowery tough of the stage of long ago with a Tammany Hall representative. I am sorry for those who will be disappointed to see that all Tammany Hall can send you as its representative is a plain human being."

Although he was careful not to mention the name of Presidential Candidate Smith, it was taken for granted that his rather obvious attempts to tidy up the Tammany reputation in the nation were preliminaries to a later effort to sell Tammany's most famous son to the voters.

"THE recent visit of Senator James J. Walker, Mayor Elect of New York City, to Atlanta," commented the Outlook (now, curiously enough, edited by Al Smith), "has attracted nation-wide attention, chiefly because it has been paraded as an endeavor on the part of the Tammany Tiger to deck himself out in a tuxedo and to replace his Tweedian snarl with the carol of a mocking bird. Whether the tuxedoed Tiger can change his stripes, hide his lashing tail, and manicure his claws remains to be seen."

Thus, as the pale shadow of the great Brown Derby, Jimmy of Greenwich Village, whose interests up to about his thirty-fifth year had scarcely extended beyond the political needs of a rising young man in the Fifth Assembly District, and whose major activities as a personal force in state legislation, even during the years of his senatorial leadership, had chiefly concerned first-aid measures to benefit his friends of the prize ring, the baseball field, and the movie theater, now found himself becoming a factor in national affairs.

In his own country, too, he was not without honor. His local acclaim knew no bounds. It did not stop with the man in the street; it rolled up Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue into the homes of the rich and great.

"Mr. James J. Walker," wrote one observer, "has become so absorbing a topic of conversation that hardly a dinner party goes by without at least one course being devoted to his affairs."

MR. JAMES J. WALKER had also suddenly become one of the three most photographed men in the world. One of the others is undoubtedly the Prince of Wales. The third is presumably the President of the United States, whoever he may be at any given time. There was, of course, a reason for his achieving a pictorial prominence so far in excess of the importance of the office which he held. That reason was Jimmy himself.

In the language of the motion-picture studio, he photographs.

At the height of his career Walker was offered $100,000 to appear as an actor in one feature picture; and after his fall from power, when his value for picture purposes might seem to have shrunk almost to the disappearing point, one of the ablest of our motion-picture geniuses went on record as saying that Jimmy could still become one of the great motion-picture artists of our day.

But it was to the word-painter even more than to the photographer that Walker had primarily appealed. No American—with the possible exception of Roosevelt the First—had ever been so elaborately described as this young-looking man who now stepped into the City Hall in New York.

He was—according to the occasion or the view of the observer—a butterfly, a jolly good fellow, a boy mayor, a Beau Brummell, a Prince Charming, a musical-comedy mayor, a glorified clown, a drummer boy, a miracle of clothes and gayety, a little mick, a twenty-four-hour mayor, a typical New Yorker, a night mayor, a late mayor, a playboy mayor, a Yankee Doodle Dandy mayor, a hot-air artist, or a personification of the age!

Mayor Jimmy's early, unclouded time of glory and scintillation, when his office hours at the City Hall were a sort of continuous minstrel show interrupted only by welcomes to transatlantic flyers, Queen Marie, etc., and when the night life of the jazz age claimed most of the remainder of his "twenty-four-hour day" of activity, will be recalled in next week's installment.

ANSWER TO
JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 22

THIS CANNED WOOD MAKES HOME REPAIRS EASY!

What have you got to fix?

If you have a broken chair, cracked floor board, loose caster or drawer pull, or nail or screw holes in wood or plaster—fix it yourself with this amazing new wood that handles like putty and hardens into wood . . . called PLASTIC WOOD . . . easy to use. Hardens into wood—better wood than natural wood—wood that takes and holds nails and screws. Makes repairs that are permanent. Tubes 25¢, cans 35¢, at a paint or hardware store. Try it. You'll be surprised at results.

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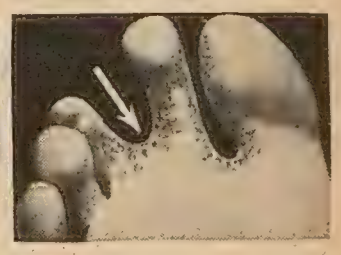
Relieves ITCHING ON FEET AND TOES



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To get rid of ringworm infections of the feet and toes known as "Athlete's Foot", "Gym Foot", "Golfer's Itch", etc., use a remedy that *kills the germs*—Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. This healing ointment quickly relieves itching. It penetrates the infected tissues and soon heals the inflamed, cracked or scaly skin. Be done with half way measures—get a jar of Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX today and know what real relief is like. At all drug, department and shoe stores. Price $1.00 jar; trial size 50¢.

Dr Scholl's Solvex

Pa's Rhapsody *in Silver and Black*

(Reading time: 8 minutes 31 seconds.)

By

J. P. McEVOY

Illustrations by J. H. STRIEBEL

PROLOGUE

THE girls look like Garbo one year and Marie Dressler the next, and the boys can't make up their minds whether to be Tarzans or Mickey Mices, and we elders shake our hoary locks and mutter about the influence of the movies. But what about the effect of these same leaping lispies on the elders? There's Pa Potter, for example—always mumbling into his whiskers about the effect of the movies on the young generation—and look what the movies have done to him!

MA: How long does this vacation of yours last, Pa?

PA: Why? Do you begrudge me one? Do you want me to keep my chin on the plow handles all the time? My God, woman, when I think—

MA: When is that?

PA: *(Spluttering)* When I think of how I work and slave and—

MA: Come, come. Don't take on so. I'm sure nobody begrudges you a vacation, as you put it. Only I wish—

PA: Sure. Only you wish I'd go away. Well, I wanted to go away, but I couldn't afford it, and even when I could you wanted to go along, and what kind of a vacation would that be, I ask you?

MA: I like that! I suppose I don't need a vacation too.

PA: Life is just one long vacation for you. You should have to work like I do, out in the world, battling away—

MA: Prattling, you mean. If you did more battling out in the world and less at home, we'd all be better off.

PA: *(Placidly)* I never battle at home, only in self-defense. Home is a haven of rest for me. Home is where the heart is. *(Bursts into song)* Be it ever so humble—

MA: Humble describes it perfectly!

PA: But happy.

MA: You don't have to live in it. You only board here.

PA: And such board! Such cooking! Ma, do you realize you've been cooking for nigh on to twenty-five years, and you don't cook any better than the day you started? I'm not complaining, mind you. I love your cooking. I love the way you keep house. I love everything today!

MA: You'd better go out and get some fresh air. You're not feeling well.

PA: Couldn't think of it. I have work to do.

MA: *(Alarmed)* Where? Here? My God, no!

Pa: There. You can begin to see how it's going to look.

PA: Yes. I've got an idea. I saw a movie the other day that gave me a wonderful idea.

MA: Africa Speaks, I suppose.

PA: No. It was very modern. Wonderful house. Wonder where they get those wonderful houses? And the bathroom, Ma—you should have seen that bathroom. Come to think of it, you *are* going to see it. *(Rouses himself, bristling.)*

MA: Where you going? What you going to do?

PA: *(Dramatically)* Ma, we have been living in squalor. Picturesque, to be sure, but squalor none the less.

MA: You even talk like a movie. What's that you've got?

PA: Paint, Ma, to glorify our little haven of love.

MA: *(Decisively)* You're not going to paint anything in this house.

PA: Ordinarily you would have your way, little woman, but not today. Today is the day we change everything. We start with the bathroom.

MA: You'll start with nothing of the kind!

PA: Come, come, woman, don't stand in the way of progress! Do you realize that you women would still be living in caves if it wasn't for the enterprise, the courage, and the vision of us men? You are now going to have a little demonstration of vision. Do you see this paint?

MA: *(Aghast)* It's black! What in the name of heaven are you going to do with black paint in the bathroom?

PA: *(Grandly)* How you do go on, little woman! I'm going to paint the bathroom. I'm going to paint it black. I'm going to trim it with silver. You're going to have a modern bathroom that will out-Cecil De Mille.

MA: How about a silver bathtub?

PA: It's an idea, to be sure. I will make a note of it. Remind me when I am finished redecorating the bathroom that we must have a silver tub.

MA: *(Firmly)* I think you're crazy. Really, I do.

PA: All of us pioneers pay the same price. Columbus was crazy. Benjamin Franklin was crazy. Robert Fulton. Remember the first steamboat?

MA: Certainly not. Do you? *(Grimly)* So you are really going to put that nasty black paint all over my nice bathroom?

PA: Our bathroom, darling. Look. There—how's that?

MA: Terrible! I think you're insane. If your mind is so weak you can't go to the movies without—

PA: Not weak, Ma. Strong. Go

The Movies Bring Out an Artistic Temperament; A New Episode in the Life of the Potters

Ma: Good grief, what are you doing? Look at the floor!
Mamie: And my kimono!

away, now. I'm in the mood. Don't disturb me. I want you to be proud of it when it's finished. Close the door after you and leave me alone with my thoughts. *Hey!* What's the idea of slamming the door like that? *(Reflectively)* Temper, temper. Women have no souls. *(Sings)* Be it ever so humble— *(Violent knocking on door)* What is it? What do you want? Go away!

MAMIE: What are you doing in there? Can I come in?

PA: Come in. . . . Oh, hello. What do you think of it?

MAMIE: Dear God, what's going on here?

PA: What do you think of it?

MAMIE: If you told me what you're trying to do, I could tell you.

PA: We're going to have a black bathroom. Black and silver. Very modern.

MAMIE: You couldn't have waited, of course, till I got dressed.

PA: All my life I have been waiting for you to get dressed, my child. Have you ever been a man and tried to get into the bathroom in a house where women live? No, you never have. You'll never know what it means.

MAMIE: Hey, be careful! You're getting it all over the bathtub. I've got to take a bath.

PA: Not today, little daughter. Today I am painting the bathroom. Tomorrow you take a bath.

MAMIE: But I've got to dress. I'm going out with Red.

PA: I don't think he'll ask you, but if he does you can tell him you've taken a bath. There, doesn't that look fine? *(Backs off admiringly and kicks can over on mat.)*

MAMIE: Look at that! All over the floor. Ma! Get Pa out of here, will you? He's wrecking the place.

MA'S VOICE: Get him out yourself if you can. I've given up.

MAMIE: Pa, will you get out of here and let me dress?

PA: Go and dress in your own room. What have you got a room for? You women are always congregating in the bathroom. Holding conventions. What's the idea, anyway? There. Now you can begin to see how it's going to look.

MAMIE: Frightful! It scares me.

PA: That's the trouble with you women. No daring, no courage—and you can't visualize. Can't you just close your eyes and see this bathroom when it's finished, all black and silver? Elegant! Do you know what's going to happen? We're going to have to change the whole house. This room will be so wonderful, you won't be able to live in the rest of the house.

MAMIE: What is the rest going to be? Black and silver too?

PA: I don't know. I haven't thought about it yet. Dog-gone it!

MAMIE: Now look what you've done. All over my kimono. It'll never come out!

PA: Dye it black. Nothing like a nice black kimono with silver trimming. Hey, don't splash! Now look what you did. All over my nice wall. *Ma! Get Mamie out of here, will you?*

MAMIE: *Ma, will you get Pa out of here?*

MA: *(Coming to the rescue)* Pa, will you get out of there and let Mamie dress? *(Aghast)* Good grief, man, what are you doing? Look at that bathtub! Black paint. And the floor!

MAMIE: And my kimono!

PA: And my wall.

MA: Pa, this is an outrage.

MAMIE: If I didn't have to dress I wouldn't care what he did with the place.

PA: Are you two women going to get out of here and let me alone?

MA: No, we're not!

PA: *(Laying down his brush, grimly)* That's how you feel, is it? You don't want me to glorify this little nest. Very well, I won't. You can finish it yourself. You can do anything you want with it. I'm through.

MA: What do you mean, you're through? Look at this place. Who's going to clean up after all this?

PA: Mrs. Potter, you're talking to an artist. Ask Mr. Rockefeller what happens when you stop an artist from expressing himself.

MA: What the devil are you talking about? What has Rockefeller got to do with this mess you made?

PA: *(With dignity)* Ask Diego Rivera.

MA: *(Bewildered)* Who's that? Have you gone completely nuts?

MAMIE: He's the Mexican artist who was doing that fresco in Radio City. Got into an argument with Rockefeller and quit.

PA: Exactly. And so have I.

MA: *Pa, come back here!* You've got to come back and clean up this bathroom.

PA: *(Putting on his hat)* You have wounded an artist, Mrs. Potter. Some day, perhaps, you will understand. Meanwhile I will leave you to meditate. *(Goes out singing)* Be it ever so humble—

MA: *Pa! (Looks around bathroom and starts to cry with rage.)* What can you do with a man like that?

Some further adventures of the Potters will appear in an early issue.

TELL HOW IT HAPPENED!

64 CASH AWARDS

FOR THE BEST EXPLANATIONS IN THIS WEEK'S

$250

CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES CONTEST

Your Chance to Win Is Excellent!

INTRODUCTION:

An automobile tourist in Arizona takes a snapshot of an Indian girl.

CONCLUSION:

A Labrador fisherman's wife inherits a baronial estate in England.

CAN you tell how this happened? Can you invent a chain of circumstances that will explain how this episode in Arizona might have led to the good fortune of the Labrador fisherman's wife? Of course you can if you really set your mind to it! And if you do, your chance to win one of Liberty's cash prizes this week is excellent.

Here's a chance to give your imagination free rein, to try your skill at plot invention, to test your ability to reason concisely and logically. It may start you on your way toward success in the drama or in literature. Liberty has never invited you to enter a contest that provided more promising opportunities. Besides which, there is the possibility for more immediate profit by winning one of the sixty-four cash prizes. Your chance to win is the equal of anyone's.

The rules at the right give complete instructions. Read them carefully before preparing and mailing your entry. Note particularly the closing date, Monday, September 25, which gives you ample time to work out your best possible solution. Why not begin it right now?

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Write, using not more than 500 words, a chain of circumstances that develops the given introduction into the given conclusion.

3. It is not necessary to clip or copy the printed introduction or conclusion.

4. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Penciled entries will not be considered. Neatness will count. Spelling will count.

5. The entry which supplies the most logical, most concise, most entertaining chain of circumstances will be adjudged the best. The entry rating next highest in these qualifications will be adjudged second best, etc.

6. On this basis sixty-four prizes will be paid as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2.

7. Address all entries to CIRCUMSTANCES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Monday, September 25.

SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY CONTEST

Announcement of July 15 Winners Due Next Week!

THE HEADLINE on the July 15 Scrambled Geography Contest asked, Know Your Geography? Hundreds of entries with every name correctly unscrambled, identified, and located answered this query conclusively. There is no doubt now that Liberty's contest-minded readers know their geography. Even No. 10, a word that was expected to prove difficult for many, was no stumblingblock to a surprising number of entrants.

With so many correct lists of words submitted the judges had no other choice, under the rules, than to base their decisions on the statement of preference which is an integral part of each entry. See paragraphs 5 and 6 of the rules if this is not perfectly plain to you.

It is the careful reading and rating of these statements that has delayed the handing down of the awards. However, the judging has progressed to a point where, as this issue goes to press, a prediction can be made that final decisions will be available in time to be included in next week's Liberty, which will be dated September 16, on sale Wednesday, September 6. If you filed an entry in the July 15 contest be sure that you search the list of awards for your name.

Familiar FACE

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By JACK B. STINSON

(Reading time: 5 min. 7 sec.)

SOMETHING damned familiar about that fellow's face! But where had he seen him before? Ned Brinkly tried without success to remember where he had known him. Queer, the way he had looked at Ned from inside the glass case just before he went to sleep—eternal sleep.

Ned Brinkly was an inventor. He had shuddered with horror whenever he read of someone being electrocuted or hanged, no matter how heinous the crime. So he conceived the idea of capital punishment by means of a gas chamber. He made a small one at first and tried it on dogs in the pound instead of shooting them. Then he got a committee from the state legislature to watch it work. They were not interested.

He tried a neighboring state. Then another and another until finally he got his lethal chamber placed. Today he had seen it used for the first time. It was a success!

When the unfortunate man was brought into the chamber, the front of which was plate glass, Ned saw him. He knew him, *he knew him!* But who was he? *Who? Where?* A light of recognition illuminated the man's face as his final roving glance met Ned's searching, questioning, bewildered stare. Then the gas, and the man was gone.

Now, driving home in the night in his open car, Ned was still mystified—and cold. The man's history at the prison had told him nothing except his name—Dan Smith—which was obviously an alias. *Who was he?*

He should be able to remember that queer jagged scar at the corner of the fellow's right eye. Had he known him in school? No. In the army? No, it wasn't there. Oh, damn it! Where was it?

In the night, the winding mountain road approached a village nestling between the snow-capped peaks. His gloved fingers ached from the cold.

Here was a lunch car. Ned parked behind another car and went in.

When the waitress saw Ned, she looked startled. Then her face lighted up and she started toward him. But she took another look, stopped, blushed, and said "Oh" as if she were disappointed.

Ned seated himself at the counter and she brought him a glass of water and a menu.

"I think I'll have a cup of coffee," Ned announced, "and a piece of that pie over there—with the whipped cream on it."

She brought him the coffee and pie, eying him curiously, interestedly. Then she made out his check and went to polishing the coffee urn.

"Cold outside?" she asked by way of conversation.

"Yeah." Ned picked up his fork and started to cut his pie with it. When he bore down on the fork, his fingers gave way. They were numb. He doubled his fists tightly and opened them. She was instantly sympathetic.

"You poor man!" she said. "Your hands are frozen. Come back here and I'll fix them up for you." She started toward the washroom.

"They'll be all right." He rubbed his hands together. But she insisted good-naturedly.

Obediently he followed. It was nice to have someone take an interest in him. In the washroom she filled the basin with cold water.

"There. Stick your hands in there." She had a pleasant commanding way about her.

Ned rubbed his hands together in the cold water. She was ready with a clean towel when he took them out. She dried them briskly and slapped them gingerly to work up the circulation.

Ned watched her intently. Her hair and eyes were coal-black and lustrous. Her skin, olive. Deep dimples. Latin type but not languorous. Vivacious.

"Now," she smiled. "How's that? Better?"

"Lots, thanks."

He returned to his seat and she to her work. He could eat his pie now. While he did he watched her polishing the metal base under the urn. He noticed that she cleaned way back in the corners, not just in the front.

The door opened and a man came in. She looked up quickly, eagerly. Then her face clouded. He wasn't the one she expected, either. She sold him a package of cigarettes and went back to her work. The man went out.

"You know," she smiled up at Ned as she worked, "you remind me of someone. That's why I kinda like you."

WHAT'S this, a line? he thought. No, she was too genuine. "Boy friend?"

"Yeah. He didn't stay around very long." She looked wistfully at the door. "Everybody that comes in that door I hope might be him. Frank Collins."

"I like *that*. You like me because I remind you of your sweetie, not because I'm a little nice myself."

The girl grinned and reddened. "'S fact." She went back to her polishing.

"He just blew in and he just blew out," she went on after a reflective moment. "I guess I'm just another girl to him," she added philosophically, "but it's different with me. I'd be happy with him on a little old ranch with a few chickens and a cow and a 'dobe hut. He didn't even say where he was going or when he would be back.

"Maybe"—after a pause—"he's just no-'count; or maybe he'll turn up some day with a wife and a flock o' kids. But if he ever *does* come back—and wants me—I'll be right here waiting."

Over Ned swept a surge of envy for this idiot who had gone off and left her.

Loyal as he tried to be, Ned could not help thinking that Nora, his wife, would be annoyed when he got home in the middle of the night if he should awaken her. She would not be waiting, as this girl might, with coffee to warm him after his long, cold trip. Not a chance.

Ned was through now. Reluctantly he rose to go.

"I don't know why I should talk to you like this," she said, "unless—"

"Unless it's because I remind you of him," Ned put in.

"Yeah," said the girl. "In fact, when you came in, I thought you was him. Only"—tracing with her finger a zigzag line from the corner of her right eye—"he had a funny scar right here."

THE END

PRETTY Sadie

A Face in the Dark and a
This Vivid Story of a

(Reading time: 30 minutes 5 seconds.)

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

MICHAEL was sore and angry. People were always treating him as though he were still a child. It had been a mistake not to build a house of his own, where Sadie and he could manage their lives without interference from his father. He had been furious at the little drama his father had played in the living room. Telling the whole family about Tommy Wallace and sending Sadie down to visit him in the brick house. What was the old man trying to do? Run everybody's life? She had spent enough time with Tommy! He didn't need her. He had nurses and Josephine and Harris. He had left Sadie for another girl anyhow. It was Sadie who was the blockhead, chasing down there after a man who had treated her like the dirt under his feet.

Probably Wallace laughed to himself when he thought of Sadie being fool enough to spend money on him after the way he had thrown her aside.

It made Michael Alderson very angry to think that a low fellow could chuckle over the actions of a woman whom an Alderson cherished and called wife. It was humiliating. And Michael's own father expected him to accept that situation with a smile. No human being could. It was outrageous. And he would tell Sadie so.

But he was asleep when she came in. He had waited up till he could no longer keep his eyes open and then crawled into his bed, boiling with indignation. This was a fine hour for her to be down at the brick house. She'd probably move in there next.

In the morning he came to Sadie's bedside while she was having her coffee.

"You were out awfully late last night," he said.

She nodded.

"It was one o'clock when I turned in, and you were still out. I thought invalids went to sleep early."

"They do."

"Well, where were you?"

"Driving around."

"Do you mean to say that you drove around for hours? What chauffeur did you have with you? He must think you're insane."

"I had Gerald. He's always thought me crazy anyhow, so there's no harm done."

"Why didn't you come home?"

"Because I figured your father's kindness to me had probably angered you, and that you'd told him so, and that he had lectured you a little, which had made you still angrier. I figured if I came in at that moment we'd have an argument."

"Oh."

"Explanation accepted, chief?"

"Sadie, you're very strange of late."

"Now, Michael, don't say that you wonder why."

"All right; I won't." He was pouting now. Sadie looked at him and wondered where the nice dashing young man had gone, the one who had been the hero of the dream.

This couldn't be Michael, surely. She sighed. She knew now what Cinderella must have learned in time: Prince Charming was a mean, pouting brat when he wasn't getting his own way.

"Would you like some coffee, Michael?"

"No, thank you."

She poured a second cup of coffee for herself and dropped a half lump of sugar in it. She waited for Michael to run through the performance. Pouts, arguments, and then the big scene. Her maid knocked and entered.

"Go away," Sadie said. "I'll call when I want you." The maid must never see Michael wearing sackcloth. She was a good maid and Sadie didn't want to lose her. Michael wouldn't want the girl around once she had seen an Alderson grovel.

"It's important, Mrs. Alderson."

"What is it?"

"Mrs. Harris phoned to say that you should get over there quick. Mr. Wallace is near the end, she said."

"Take this tray." Sadie lifted it swiftly from the satin coverlet and handed it to Michael.

Sadie jumped out of bed. "Get me some clothes."

The maid scurried about, laying out Sadie's things. Neither maid or mistress gave him a bit of attention.

"WHAT NONSENSE! IN YOUR HEART YOU'LL ALWAYS GRI

McKee

Swift Surprise—So Ends Woman's Search for Happiness

By VIÑA DELMAR

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I can dress myself. I've done it before. You get a car around for me fast."

The maid brushed past Michael.

Michael said, "Well, I guess this is the end."

Sadie pulled a sweater over her head and looked at him. She didn't answer. What was the use of answering him when she was shaking like a leaf and he was only trying to make damn'-fool conversation?

"Sometimes a person is dying for hours," he said. "I guess I won't see you any more today."

"No," she said coldly. "I'm not coming home to pour

OR HIM, AND DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD FORGET THAT?"

tea or listen to Uncle Craig's adventures in fascinating Egypt until after Tommy is gone. I'm going to be with him at the end." She picked up her hat and purse and walked out.

He called after her, "Send the car back, will you? Someone else might like to use it."

His words came to her as she was running down the stairs. She turned and ran up them again. She came flying back to him.

"Michael Alderson, you're a petty little louse! Your mother was a fine woman, so that sort of cramps my vocabulary. You have sixteen automobiles and you won't miss one, but you have to be small, don't you? I'll send the car back and you can keep it. Do you hear me? You can keep it!"

She ran out of the room then and down to the brick house where Tommy Wallace was dying. . . .

And so Tommy was laid away forever in Richley where he had once had a good job and had kept steady company with the prettiest girl in town. Poor Tommy, who'd had a feeling for music.

Sadie followed him to his last resting place accompanied by the faithful Josephine and Harris. And she said good-by to him and unseeingly made her way back to the house on the hill.

She had not encountered Michael since the morning she had rushed to Tommy's bedside. She had returned to the house since then, but Michael had kept out of her way. Everybody had kept out of her way. Perhaps Michael had told them that she had gone mad.

SHE was ready now to pick up her life with the Alderssons where she had dropped it. Tommy was gone. No more could be done for him. If Michael could forget the grievances he had stored up against her they could begin anew. If he could never forget, one could not blame him perhaps, and it would be good-by again. It was up to him.

They met in their sitting room. They were always in their sitting room. Sadie felt that it was a stage upon which she and Michael walked daily, playing their little scenes.

She said, "Hello, Michael."

He said, "Hello." He looked at her and his heart was in his eyes.

He was pleading with her to say that it had never happened, that Tommy had never existed. He wanted her to say some magical word that would wipe out all that had passed between them since that day when she had gone to New York.

She went to him and took his hand and kissed him. Perhaps she could make him forget. She had not married him to cause him misery.

His arms went around her and he held her closely. He said, "Oh, if things would only get right again!"

He was like a child in a dark corridor crying for the bright warm room which he has left behind.

"They will, Michael."

He shook his head. "I can't believe that things will ever again be as they were."

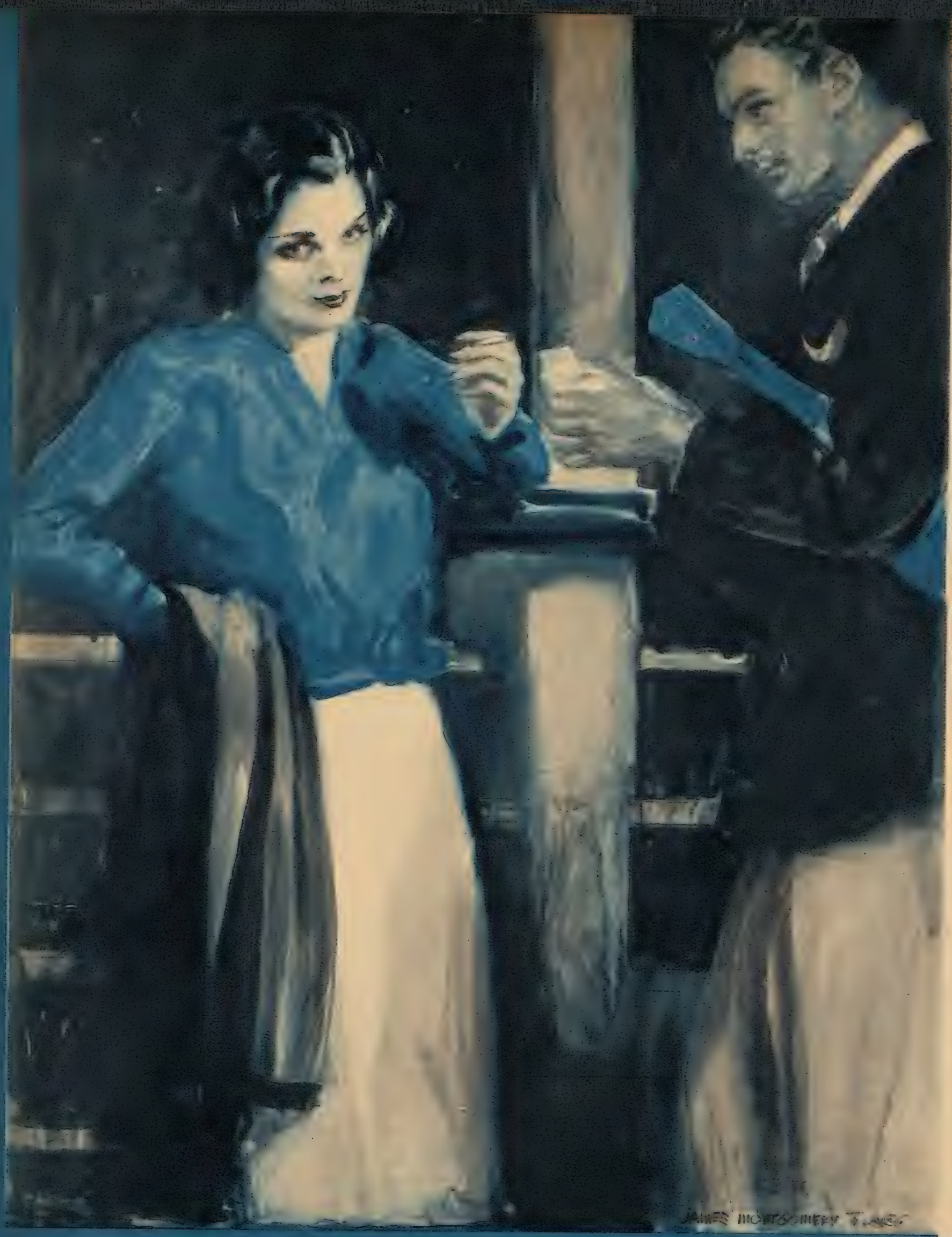
She did not answer him.

She knew that he was yearning for the return of a past which they had never known. He was believing that a perfect understanding and a blissful intimacy had been ruthlessly snatched from him. He had forgotten that he had never understood Sadie or shared one single thought in common with her. He liked to believe that the beauty of their marriage had been dimmed by a conscienceless interloper.

"You're so strange and distant, Sadie."

She smiled.

"Even your smile is different. You're sad, aren't you, Sadie? Your heart is broken because that fellow's dead.



HE STRUCK A MATCH AND THE GLARE CAUSED HER TO BLINK AND LOOK AWAY.

My God, girl, how can we ever get back to normal if you're crying over him?"

"I'm not crying."

"I-was speaking figuratively."

"Oh."

"You'll never forget him, will you, Sadie? You'll be thinking of him, putting flowers on his grave."

"I don't believe in putting flowers on graves. They don't do anybody any good."

"There's such a coldness in the way you speak to me, Sadie."

"Look, Michael. Let us separate for a time. I'll go away, or if you prefer to go, then you go. A month or six weeks would be enough. Then we'll start over all fresh and new as though we'd just married. Neither of us will ever mention Tommy again, and we'll—we'll pretend that we never heard of him."

"What nonsense! In your heart you'll always grieve

there and I saw no reason for rushing him home."

"He hasn't written often. When I heard your voice I was startled. I thought perhaps—"

"No, he is fine. I had a few things to do down here. I shall go back to him shortly."

"Oh." Sadie stood irresolute, looking at Mr. Alderson. There was something strange. She felt it in the air around her. It was in the uncommunicativeness of her father-in-law and in the way his wife stood with her back to the room. There was something that she ought to know. Why didn't Mr. Alderson tell her? Then suddenly she knew why he didn't. It was an unpleasant something and he wanted to tell her when they were alone. He had too much tact to bow her in the presence of an enemy.

She said to him, "Michael is really and truly all right, Mr. Alderson?"

"Yes, Sadie. He is fine."

She went out of the room then. He would call her when he was ready.

The summons came an hour later. She ran down the stairs quickly. The hour had been long and filled with apprehension. What had Mr. Alderson come back to tell her?

He said, "Sit down, Sadie."

She sat down and waited. He was behind his desk and she saw that his hands were busy creasing a blotter into tiny squares. He was nervous, then.

"Sadie, I wonder if any man was ever faced with as difficult a task as I am faced with now?"

"Difficult, Mr. Alderson?" Sadie smiled slightly at him. "What can I do to make it easier?"

He did not answer. He was about to speak but no words came. All her life Sadie had mistrusted words and now she saw someone else searching for the right ones, examining them and rejecting them. He wanted her to know without words, and suddenly she did know.

"Mr. Alderson, do you want me to go away from here?"

He bent his head lower over the little squares. "I have no right to ask you to go, but it was my intention to do so, Sadie."

"I have thought of going, and once I tried, but Michael begged me to stay."

"You are willing to go, then?"

"Yes, I'm willing."

"It's the only way, Sadie. I've got him thinking more clearly and reasonably now, but at first—at first"—Mr. Alderson paused and then hurried on as though seeking to rid himself quickly of an intolerable memory—"his nerves were in a dangerous state."

"I know. I was afraid for him."

MR. ALDERSON winced and turned his eyes away from her, and Sadie thought of the night when Jack Brennan, half mad, had tried to die.

"Sadie, I'm afraid that if he lives with you again all those dreadful fancies of his will be revived. He will batter helplessly against the barrier that stands between you two and he will make himself miserable and morbid."

"There is no barrier."

"Perhaps he has made it, but it stands. I'm afraid, Sadie. Michael is sensitive and—and not as clear-thinking as I would have liked him to be."

"What will happen when he comes home and finds me gone?"

Mr. Alderson dropped his eyes before her earnest questioning gaze.

"I've talked it out with him, Sadie."

"Oh." So Michael had not come down to say good-by. He had let his father settle things for him. It would be so much simpler that way. She thought of a woman her mother had worked for who had paid a small boy to take some kittens out to drown them, but they had to be taken while the woman was not at home because, as she said, she really loved them.

"I thought you would be agreeable, Sadie. You've a great deal ahead of you."

"Yes, I know."

"Everything is so upset." Mr. Alderson ran a tired hand across his forehead. "There's never been a divorce before in the Alderson family."

"Would it help any if Michael divorced me? You know what I mean. If the curse of whatever charges are brought were on me instead of an Alderson?"

"Michael will be the defendant, Sadie. It's the thing for him to do."

"Oh, is it? Well, I don't really care. Whatever's best for you."

"We'll hear from you, won't we, Sadie? Let's be friends. Don't move out quickly. There's plenty of time. I won't mention money to you, but I want you to know that you can have anything you want at any time."

"Thank you, Mr. Alderson."

"And I wish from the bottom of my heart that things had been different, and since they can't be I wish you all the happiness that a person can have."

"You're very kind, Mr. Alderson."

She thought to herself: "I'm being fired. The family wishes to make a change. He hopes that I'll be happy and that I'll get another job real soon. He feels sorry that I'm going, but it can't really be helped. He'll write me a reference in a moment. As God is my judge, Sadie McKee, you're being fired."

NEWS was scarce, so the newspapers made the most of the Alderson divorce. Unfortunately it wasn't a nice scandalous divorce, thick with corespondents and sensational accusations, but the papers did their best with the material at hand. Sadie was, after all, the daughter of a servant girl. She had married and divorced two millionaires and had been engaged to another. She was beautiful and young. That was enough to brighten the dull days.

Sadie tried not to see the newspapers. Not that she cared any more what they said of her. But the Aldersons cared. She had married into their family, and for their sakes she loathed the light, mocking manner in which the papers recounted her doings. Sadie read one account and wondered if the airy, frivolous creature who was divorcing Michael Alderson could possibly be she. They did not dare to say, but the papers hoped their readers would understand that this McKee woman was a smart gold digger who found it paid better to get the security of a wedding ring. Well, newspapers had to have readers, but it was hard on the Aldersons.

And once again there was nothing in Richley, and for the first time New York did not seem to be a haven. There was a sudden fierce desire in Sadie's heart to go and go and just keep going. Perhaps forever. Maybe after you had been going for years you forgot the things that you wanted to forget. Tommy Wallace's yellow hair, Michael Alderson's failure to say good-by, and the way the beautiful dream had ended. And maybe you could be forgotten too, and it wouldn't be smart any more for the columnists to print your name; not thrilling for people to stare at you as though you were a freak.

The world was large and you could sail forever looking down at the green water or up at the blue sky and saying nothing and trying to think nothing. You could sail forever and speak to no one. People would say, "She's high-hat; she doesn't make friends," and that would be all right. After a while nobody would even notice you, for you would be forgotten.

Sadie went to England and to France and to Italy and Greece. She went to places of which she had never heard. Strange Asian countries that had never been even words to her. And because she had never dreamed of these places and imbued them with a rich glamour, they were nothing to her. Big cities were as New York to Sadie. New York with yellow people perhaps, or with white people who spoke strange languages. But New York because there were theaters, shops and hotels and crowded streets. Small towns were as Richley. What difference did it make what race of people lived there? Humans were very much the same. They exchanged small towns for big towns, antique ideas for modern, old sweethearts for new, and finally life for death. It was the same everywhere. Sadie had a very definite suspicion that an Abyssinian or a Persian is an interesting fellow only because you have to travel miles to get a look at him. She was fairly certain that he ate when he was hungry, drank when he was thirsty, possessed the best-looking woman

obtainable, and in any and all crises behaved very like the people close to home.

She saw Africa and gazed at the pyramids without a shiver of delight. They had not been her goal. The Nile did not bring her a vision of Cleopatra and her sails of golden cloth. Sadie had never thought about Cleopatra.

She looked at Japan and wondered if Jack Brennan was still on the water wagon.

Sadie McKee looked at the world and was not impressed. She had not meant to see the world. She did not care whether it was round, flat, or triangular. She did not care who had the highest mountains or the lowest mortality rate. She just meant to keep going and going forever.

The boat had left Hawaii now and was bound for California. The world truly was round and Sadie had circled it. She wondered about California. Did one stay there or take a train for New York? And then what? England again? And the trip all over? No, you couldn't keep going forever. The world was too small. After you had circled it a few times it would be like walking up and down in front of your house when you were a child.

Passengers came aboard for the trip to California. There were always new passengers. Sadie did not know any of these people, but they knew her. She could tell by the way they strolled past her and glanced at her with elaborate carelessness. Oh, so that's Sadie McKee Alderson? Well, well, well. But Sadie had spoken to no one.

THEY had brought things aboard from Hawaii. Bright orange leis, woven sandals, straw skirts, and ukuleles. They had not been able to resist them, but now on the boat these souvenirs were suddenly worthless, and loudly the buyers pretended that they had bought them to laugh at and certainly not for any sentimental reason.

Sadie could not sleep that night. The next port was San Francisco. She had tried to put America out of her mind. Once she acknowledged that there really was such a place, then she must decide what to do about it. But there was no denying America any longer. The boat was relentlessly heading that way. What did a person do who had no ties? Where did such a person go?

It was very late when she left the bed upon which she had tossed for two hours. She put a skirt and sweater on and, throwing a coat over her shoulders, went out to walk the deck. Maybe in the quiet darkness she would find an answer to her problem.

It was a pleasant night. Warm and a slight breeze blowing. Not a night to think out your problems. A night to forget them. But you couldn't while the boat moved on and on to the place where you must make up your mind what to do next.

She circled the deck once and paused at the bow to look out at the velvety black water and the velvety black sky. In a steamer chair behind her someone had left one of the Hawaiian souvenirs. Even in the darkness Sadie could make out that it was a ukulele. She knew who had left it. The fuzzy-haired young girl who was always staring. That was her chair. Sadie wondered if the girl could play the ukulele. Probably not. Very few people could play it really well.

She walked away from the chair and the ukulele. If you kept walking you could keep thinking.

SHE walked and thought. She thought many things, and soon she was back again at the place where the fuzzy-haired girl's steamer chair stood. But now someone stood in her place looking out at the warm blackness. A man stood there and he had the ukulele in his hands and she could hear it saying very softly into the night, "Plink, plink, plunk."

She stood stock-still to listen for the melody to follow, but there was no melody, only plink, plink, plunk.

She had never spoken to her fellow passengers, and she did not want to speak now, but her annoyance forced a question.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

She knew that he turned toward her in the darkness, for she could see the movement of his body in relief against the sky and ocean.

He said, "Oh, just messing around."

She did not speak for a time. She stood with her heart hammering in her throat and a curious weakness coming up from her knees to meet the light airiness in her head.

"How did you happen to say that?" she asked him.

"I don't know. Why? Has it any significance?"

"No. No significance. Not any more."

He said, "Isn't this a glorious night?"

"Yes, it's beautiful."

"I couldn't sleep. It was too lovely. Did you feel that way too?"

She said, "Yes," because it was easier that way. She discovered that she was sitting in the steamer chair that belonged to the fuzzy-haired girl. She must have dropped into it when he first spoke. She wanted to get walking again before she got acquainted with this man. One acquaintance would lead to others. But she had not the will to pick herself up, and besides it was dark and he would not know her in the morning light nor she him.

"Have you come a long way?" he asked.

The ukulele had reminded her of the house by the railroad tracks and of the dirty little furnished room, so she said, "Yes, a very long way."

"Did you like Hawaii?"

"It was all right."

"That is a strange answer. Weren't you disappointed in it or thrilled or anything that would make for further conversation?"

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for him, and do you suppose I could forget that?"

"Not when you make an effort to remember it, Michael."

"Do you suppose I enjoy remembering it?"

"I don't know," she said slowly.

"Is there any doubt in your mind?"

"Michael, the boy is dead. Let him rest and let us pick up our lives and go on. That is, if you want to go on with me. If you don't, that is another matter and one entirely up to you."

"Of course I want to go on with you, Sadie."

"Then let us forget the past."

"I'll try, Sadie, but it will be hard."

He was so sorry for himself! She thought, "I have just buried the only man I ever cared about, and he does not think I have a right to feel bad about it. Because I am his wife I must feel nothing that does not concern him."

"We'll start over, Sadie, won't we?"

"Of course we will."

"I'm a brute, Sadie."

She sighed and braced herself for the dramatics. They followed immediately.

Autumn came and the visiting Aldersons took themselves away from Richley. The house was quiet now as Mrs. Alderson ran gratefully to her hothouse and her book on tropical flowers and Mr. Alderson disappeared in his library and Michael rode forth on his favorite horse.

Sadie shut herself in the sitting room. Her life, to the casual observer, was as it had been during the early days of her marriage. But it had undergone a change. Michael was different.

For hours Sadie would sit looking from her window down at the town of Richley, thinking of the things which he had said to her. He had said that he would never again feel sure of her. He would never be certain that she would not leave him for the first man who caught her fancy. He had forgotten that Tommy had not come as a complete surprise. He preferred to think that he had been wronged, that Sadie had not warned him about Tommy.

IN the weeks since Tommy's death Michael had played his repentance scenes a dozen times. He had thrown himself whole-heartedly into the playing of them. So much so that he had lost weight and appetite. He was actually unhappy and grieved for that ideally happy union which he firmly believed that Sadie and he had once known.

She talked to her father-in-law and saw that he, too, was like a man in a dream. This, then, was what she had brought to one who had offered her nothing but kindness and understanding.

"I wish I hadn't married Michael. I wish that I had died before he had ever thought that he wanted me."

"But you didn't, Sadie. Things work out as they were intended to work out." He sighed and she wondered if he was thinking thoughts such as had once passed through her own head. If only such and such—but it was always too late.

"But we must do something quickly, Mr. Alderson."

"I'll get him away for a while, Sadie. Just he and I. Perhaps it will help."

"Oh, I hope so!"

He looked into her pained young face and patted her gently on the shoulder. "You've tried, Sadie, I know. You always do what you think is right. You're a good girl."

SHE watched him walk stiffly out of the room. He was a very old man today. She sat down and buried her face in her hands as she had once seen him do. Maybe you got strength that way and new courage to go on. And suddenly she found that the palms of her hands were wet and that a strange stinging feeling had come into her eyes. She was astonished to discover that she was crying. But it was good—oh, very good—to release the weight on your heart and the dullness in your mind.

Mr. Alderson and Michael were going away. Canada. Hunting, fishing. New trails. Fine for Michael. Mr. Alderson spoke in short, jerky sentences when he told Sadie, as though words were scarce and must not be wasted.

She said good-by to him, and he squeezed her hand in parting as though he wanted her to know that they were friends. She kissed Michael and told him to take care of himself and to have a good time. He clung to her and said he didn't know why his father couldn't go fishing without him. But he knew very well that his father didn't want to go fishing at all. He knew that he was being taken away to the Canadian woods to forget that Tommy Wallace had ever lived or died. If you admitted that you were aware of things like that, you had to discuss them, and you didn't get anywhere discussing them. So Mr. Alderson pretended that nothing was on his mind save the hooking of a large fish or the felling of a great buck, and Sadie and Michael waved to each other, and the local paper spoke of the Aldersons' holiday.

But Mr. Alderson came back alone. Quite unexpectedly. At least Sadie didn't know he was coming. She heard his voice in the library as she came through the corridor on her way upstairs. She knocked on the door and he bade her enter. His wife was standing by the window and by their manner and the sudden silence which fell Sadie guessed that she had been the subject of their discussion.

"Is Michael here?" she asked. "When did you come?"

"No. Michael is staying in Canada for a while. I just arrived a half hour ago. How are you, Sadie?"

"Why is he staying? Is he ill?"

"No, he is very well. He likes it

ARE YOU IN THE

100,000 mile club?

Many a man who used to be proud of his new model is now proud of his long mileage. It's a better measure of skill. Here's a letter from a driver who has put on mileage:

"I drive a 1929 Studebaker. I have worn out half a dozen filters, three batteries, four sets of tires...but with Quaker State in the crankcase, the motor goes on forever. At 97,500 miles, I am cheerfully speeding over the mountain passes of the Pacific Northwest, and have never used any other oil than Quaker State, Summer or Winter.*"

— G. B. KILE, Oregon

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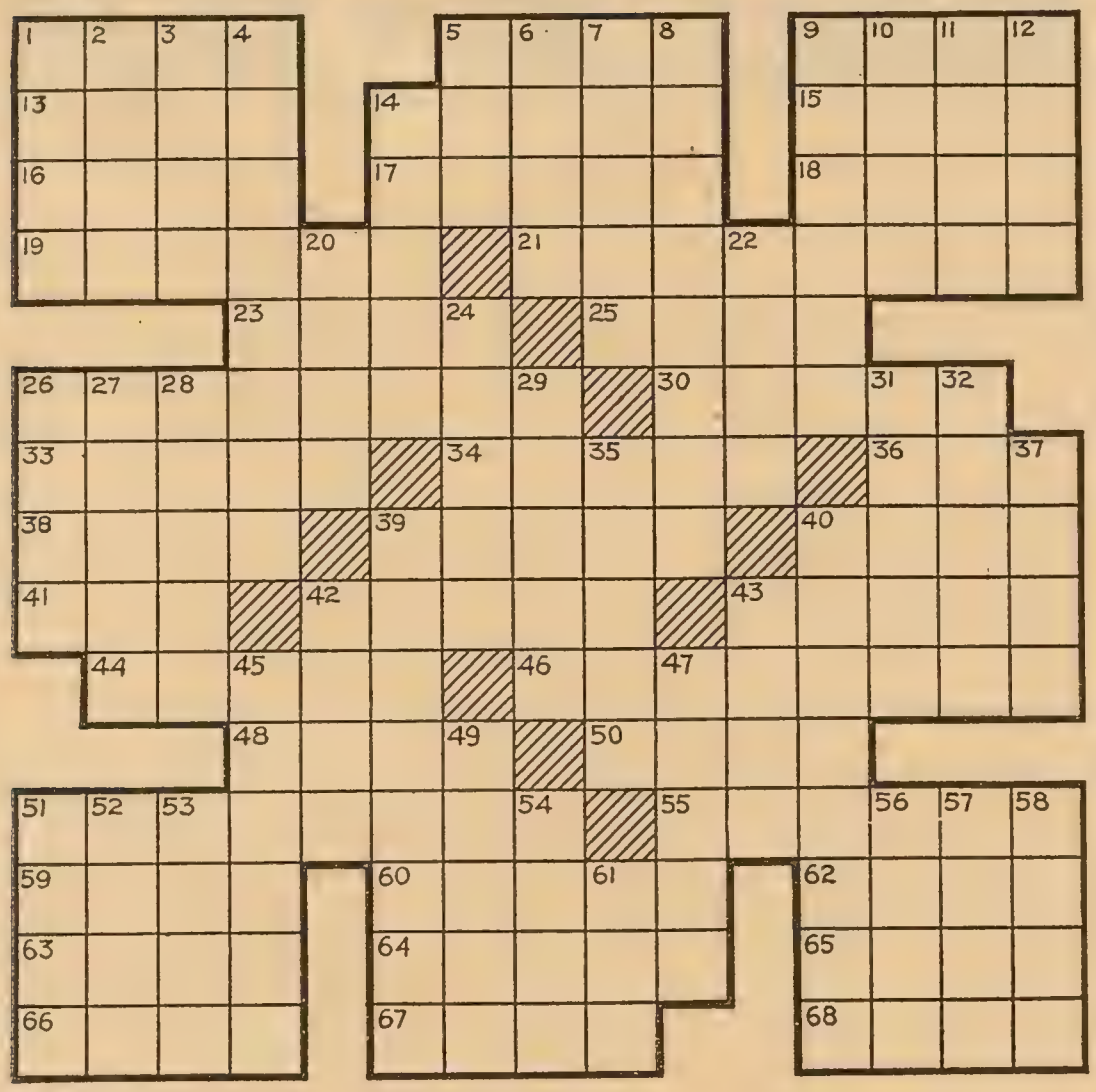
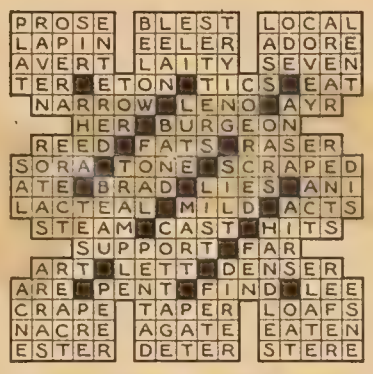


HORIZONTAL

1 Man's name
5 To dwell on a subject tediously
9 Certain
13 Lemur of India and Ceylon
14 The tenth part of anything
15 Toward the sea
16 Poetic name of a European country
17 A genus of plants
18 Insects of the order Hymenoptera
19 Paroxysmal actions
21 Characteristic of a sailor
23 Little children
25 Comparatively large and narrow aperture
26 A shade of red (pl.)
30 Roundish spot on the planet Mars
33 Furnished with ear-like appendages
34 Audibly
36 Border, edge, or margin of a thing
38 Pertaining to a period of time
39 Agitates
40 To feel concern
41 To fret or chafe with friction
42 Place of occurrence
43 Consumer
44 Flavor
46 Disease due to defective circulation
48 Possessive pronoun
50 Distribute
51 Perseveringly attentive



Answer to last week's puzzle

55 Worships
59 Greek god of war
60 Brother of Abraham
62 A beginner in learning
63 Part of a windmill
64 Silkworms
65 Terminal appendage
66 Son of Seth
67 Small hollow
68 Toward the lee

VERTICAL

1 Alcoholic beverage (plural)
2 A hamlet
3 Elaborate accompanied melody
4 One of a troupe of musical performers
5 Pronoun
6 Coins of an Asiatic country
7 American ostriches
8 Dangerous
9 Foot coverings
10 Employer
11 A dance of the Scottish Highlanders
12 Not burdensome or oppressive
14 Gustation
20 To model
22 To furnish with a cargo, as a ship
4 Mode or condition of being
26 Prognosticator
27 Coma with complete insensibility
28 Oriental springless vehicle
29 Instrument for throwing missiles
31 Angry
32 An enticing, dangerous woman
35 Nymph of mountains and hills
37 A sheet of standing water
39 Concealed
40 Woman's name
42 That which is sung
43 Minced oath
45 Holds or keeps in equilibrium
47 Approaches
49 One of the gut strings of a drum
51 Man's nickname
52 Native name of an Asiatic country
53 Light open cotton fabric
54 Not thick or dense
56 Former English gold coin
57 American Indian of the Iroquoian tribe
58 A fish
61 The grain of a cereal grass

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"I just wish my master had'em!"

IF YOU LOVE your dog, *rid him of fleas.* They torment him. They cause skin troubles. They carry tapeworm eggs that infest him with worms. Either "SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA SOAP" or "SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA POWDER" will positively kill every flea.

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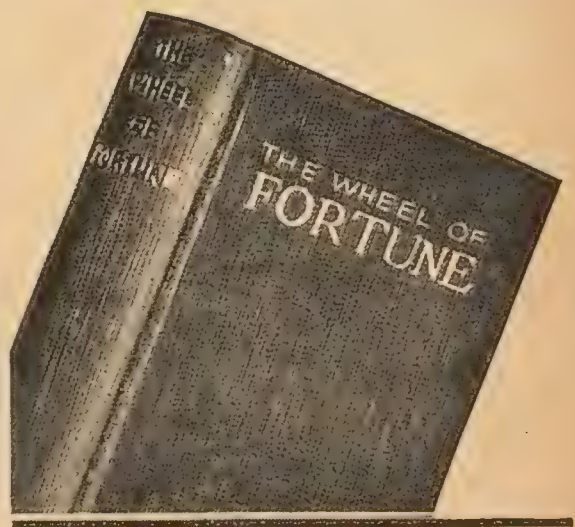

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THE EDITORIAL ON HIGH WAGES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We have read with profound interest and admiration Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's editorial entitled Why Not High Wages? in the August 12 Liberty. It is the common sense that he put into this article that the people of this nation need to read and to study. You have made a valuable contribution toward government.—*J. A. Arnold, Secretary-Manager, American Taxpayers League, Inc.*

NOT FOR DRY EYES

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Judging by the use which the voters have made of their franchise on the Eighteenth Amendment so far, indicates that they have declined to accept their religious, prohibition, and political instructions all from the same instructors, sensing that the mental capacity of their instructors would have to be unlimited to cover the vast territory involved efficiently and authentically.—*G. R. Davis.*

PRINCESS RADZIWILL OBJECTS TO ARTICLE BY RASPUTIN'S DAUGHTER

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just read the article My Father and the Empress, in the August 5 Liberty, written by Rasputin's daughter. While it is not worth any kind of criticism, yet there are certain untruths in it which ought to be pointed out. First the assertion that Rasputin was a monk. He was nothing of the kind, and could not have been that, considering the fact that in the Orthodox Church monks were not allowed to be married, and Rasputin in general never was in holy orders.

Then the story that his daughters led the life of "a most popular member of the gayest court in the world" and attended court balls is too absurd for words. They never were received anywhere in good society, and "the gayest court in the world" had ended its existence long before Rasputin appeared in St. Petersburg, as the Empress Alexandra absolutely refused herself to entertain guests. And the last court ball took place in 1903. There was none given after that.

The only interesting fact in it is the author's admission that her father belonged to the sect of the Khlystys, which the latter's friends always denied, and which his enemies rightly made much of, deeming that a member of it was not fit to be received by the monarch.

The Khlystys were a disgusting sect, the meetings of which always ended with orgies of the worst kind, which cannot be described. And finally, I must say, although I hold no brief for the Grand Duke Dmitri, whose participation in Rasputin's murder was an odious and revolting thing, that he never was an intimate of the latter, nor did the Grand Duke Dmitri visit him in his apartment. —*Catherine Radziwill (Princess Radziwill).*

PERHAPS SHE DID IT WITH MIRRORS

DES MOINES, IOWA—In the August 5 issue of Liberty appeared a story, My Father and the Empress, by Maria Rasputin.

In this story appear the statements: "My mother could neither read nor write," and "He wrote my mother often while he was away, and she answered him."

May I be permitted the comment, "How in the hell—?"—*Jeannette Primmer.*

CASANOVA, *the* MONK

Drawn by ELWIN HENRI

"I OUGHTA SMACK YA—REFUSIN' TO TAKE COUNTERFEIT MONEY IN THESE HARD TIMES"

"RESENTFUL" IS JUST A MILD TERM

CALGARY, ALTA.—I have been reading Liberty for about two years and I wish to state that I consider it to be an excellent magazine despite the fact that I have never been awarded a prize in any of your contests.

Its courageous articles and editorials and extremely fine serials make it well worth the nickel.

But I also have a complaint to register. I greatly enjoy reading Vox Pop, to check other people's reactions to a magazine which is aces with me. Lately you have snatched a whole column from this department for your index.

I am sure that you must receive enough letters from your millions of readers to make two full interesting pages of Vox Pop, and there must be many who feel resentful because their letters do not appear in print. Yours for a bigger and better Vox Pop.—*F. Hopson.*

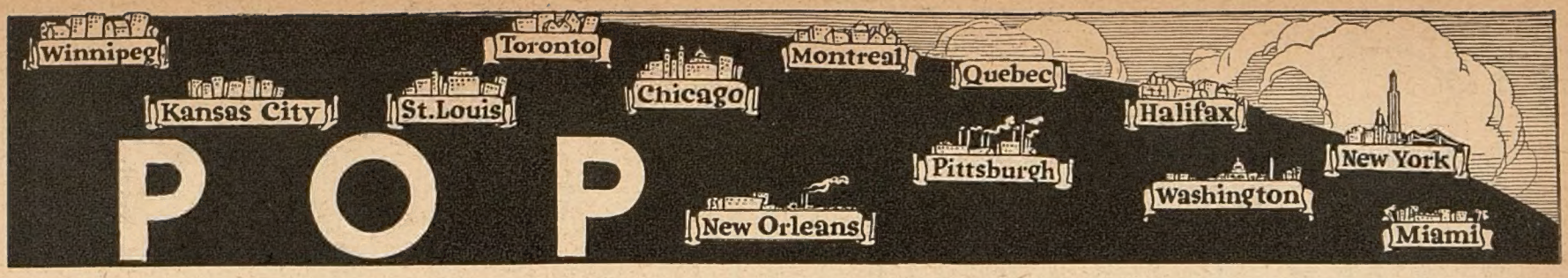
IF STILL ALIVE WAS A TEA PARTY A BANQUET MUST HAVE BEEN TOUGH

ALLSTON, MASS.—Of the many enjoyable features published recently by Liberty I enjoy most Still Alive, by Georgei Beloff. It is not only a most interesting, dramatic, exciting tale and an elaboration on a paragraph from recent history, but a glimpse of the struggle that existed in Russia from the time the monarchy fell till the Bolsheviks were firmly established.

Though many of my American friends seem to consider this account as a fantastic and exaggerated tale, yet the atrocities and bloody deeds in this story are but a conventional tea party compared to the bloody orgies I myself have witnessed.

These orgies were indulged in not only by the Bolsheviks but by the parties or brigands of Kolchak, Denikin, Semenoff, Petlura, the Polish legions that overrode the Ukraine, and other armed forces who carried the banner of one political party or another.

To the cold-blooded historian who views the transition of the former Russian Empire as simply a "colossal upheaval," let him multiply Beloff's adventures by millions of people in order to obtain a truer perspective of what actually occurred. —*Herman Ostrer.*



A C. C. N. Y. STUDENT EDITOR COMES BACK AT HIS PREXY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the August 12 issue of Liberty President Robinson of City College intimates in Vox Pop that Communism is running rife through the universities of this country.

I am a student in this college, and being a member of the staffs of the newspaper and monthly magazine and therefore an impartial observer, I may safely state that the gentleman is not correct. The number of students is about 6,000; the several radical clubs number 100 to 150 members all told.

Certainly then, "the extent to which radical propaganda has been organized and carried forward" cannot be as great as Dr. Robinson would have us believe if the Reds number but two per cent of the student body. Further, in private institutions the proportion of radicals is even less, for obvious reasons.—*Milton Kaletsky, Exchange Editor, C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

MORE ABOUT THE GIRLS, DICK

U. S. S. CANOPUS, TSINGTAO, CHINA, ASIATIC STATION—Reading some of the letters in Vox Pop, of how some readers yap about paying five to twenty-five cents before they have a chance to read a Liberty, why, just hear this fifteen-per-cent-cut sailor who has to pay seventy cents for one issue!

Your serial, Born to Raise Hell, was a wow! Contrary to some Canadian Vox Poppers, I think the articles by the German Crown Prince were excellent.

Liberty is the most popular magazine aboard, and when a half a dozen get through with it, it finds its way over to some Chinese or Russian girl's house.—*Richard Locke.*

AT LAST! A WAGNER FAN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It has long been my custom to overlook with a grimace of pain the scandalous fiction published in your magazine, and to shrug it off with a realization that Liberty must maintain a certain amount of aggressive vulgarity to hold its imposing circulation figures.

In the August 12 issue, however, I find one nugget of pure gold—Dr. Einstein's affirmation of optimism; which, added to Rob Wagner's intelligent, lively, and highly equitable movie reviews, makes me retract many harsh words.—*José Rodriguez, Editor KFI- KECA.*

R. YARDLEY IS TAKEN TO TASK AND HE ITALIANS COME IN FOR PRAISE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We received many otests from our readers for the -called Yardleygram which appears your issue of August 12. It is, in fact, very idiotic attempt at discrediting vital part played by the Italian army in the fall of 1918 in destroying the Austro-German resistance by smashing the Austro-Hungarian army on the Piave and forcing Austria to surrender.

The history written with the blood of 700,000 Italian soldiers who were killed during the war and of 1,000,000 Italians wounded and maimed cannot, of course, be smeared by the obscene lies of a Mr. Yardley, whoever he is.

It is about time that the truth be told about the part played by Italy in the World War, about the untold sacrifices and sufferings of the people of Italy for the common victory. By agreement of the highest generals of the German and Austrian armies the Italian smashing victory at Vittorio Veneto practically ended the war by forcing the surrender of Austria and leaving the southern border of Germany open to an Allied invasion. That is an historical truth that no Yardleygram can destroy.—*John Billi, Il Progresso-Italo-Americano.*

WE PRINT WHAT SHE WRITES

FORT WORTH, TEX.—I am going to express a typical Southern criticism concerning the cover of your August 12 issue, painted by B. Latham Kidder: There is no doubt that it is the "*tackiest*" ever to dis-grace your fair magazine. Wish you would see what can be done about it.

Beatrice Grimshaw is my favorite Liberty authoress. I think you all would be doing everyone a favor by signing her up for a story every week.—*Jeanne Brown.*

WE THOUGHT YOU HAD 'EM IN EVERY PORT

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, fer cryin' out loud! When you advertised Pretty Sadie McKee, you said "Another Bad Girl." What the h—l kind of ballyhooin' is that?

Not that I don't like the story—I gobble it up—but what I'm tryin' to say is: if half these dames were as noble as Sadie, why—words fail me.

Viña Delmar doesn't happen to know where I can pick me up a girl like that, does she?—*Another Gob.*

IT'S GOOD GOODS

PERUGIA, ITALY—This is from Italy. I'm a constant reader of your magazine, since a pal receives it, and I like the goods in your publication. Vox Pop is what I read first in every new copy, but never find any letters from my country. Will you publish this one? I hope so.—*Prelati Giuseppe.*

JUST A PAIN IN THE GREAT NECK

GREAT NECK, N. Y.—A complaint! Your short short stories used to be full of pep and punch, but lately they have completely lost their punch.—*Frank Reider.*

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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TO the LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 58 seconds.)

THREE good ladies got into an elevator with Robert Montgomery. He isn't bashful, but he doesn't like to be recognized and stared at in public places. The ladies in the elevator eyed him, whispered about him. "Great grief," said Robert to himself, "they've recognized me!" Then the boldest of the three matrons stepped up to him. "Aren't you Buddy Rogers?" she asked.

Picture fans know Robert Montgomery as a handsome youth who flirts and philanders with ingenious lunacy. His crazy wooings are irresistible. He tells me that he considers himself entirely sane in real life. To prove it he described how he and a friend once raced a motor car around and around a statue of Napoleon in Paris. They kept on until the car broke down, whereupon they hailed a taxi and off they went. They never saw their car again. If that wasn't rational, I ask you!

Robert Montgomery

In his more serious moments Mr. Montgomery is the husband of a lovely Southern girl and the parent of a baby daughter. He likes to play polo for exercise, likes to play bridge with his wife. He *doesn't* like cabbage, eggplant, veal, pork, or cornstarch pudding. As a Hollywood star he says he is having a dandy time and hopes you are the same.

That is *just* the impression he gave me—a nice young man from a small town having the time of his life in pictures.

NINON DE LENCLOS was that famous beauty of the old French court who retained her youthful charms to such a miraculous degree that one of her grandsons fell in love with her when she was seventy. The circumstances were peculiar. He never had seen her before, and everything ended most respectably when they found out who was who. But that isn't what I'm getting at.

What I'm getting at is the news that French historians claim they have discovered the secret formula Ninon used to keep herself so young-looking.

She took herb baths—and this is how she concocted them.

The recipe comes down to us exactly as she wrote it:

"Take a handful of dried lavender flowers, another handful of dried mint, a handful of comfrey flowers, a handful of rosemary leaves, and one of thyme. Mix them all together loosely in a muslin bag. Put them in your bath, pour on enough boiling water to cover them and let them soak for ten minutes. Then fill up the tub. Rest fifteen minutes in the magic water—and think virtuous thoughts."

I am told I can get all of these ingredients at my drug store—all except the virtuous thoughts!

THERE is a legend—said to be absolutely true—about one of the leading statesmen in Mexico today. They say he won his wife in a gambling game.

Some of the matrimonial happenings in my own bailiwick remind me of this. We might say that many a boom-time bridegroom of five or six years ago won *his* wife in a gambling game—the Wall Street game.

But that's finished now. Look at this true-life story:

I know a couple who fell for each other in 1929. He was riding high on the crest of the boom market; would soon be a millionaire—on paper. She was pretty, a good sport and companion. That was all they needed to know about each other. The wedding date was set.

On the eve of their appointed nuptials the market took its celebrated dive. They postponed the wedding because of the emergency. Their marriage stayed postponed for five years.

"Yes, we love each other," she has said during these five years, "but we don't dare risk it. He's so worried about money—and nobody seems to know what's coming next."

Now for the change:

I have just heard the news. They were married last week. Not with expensive frivolities, as they would have had five years ago—nor with the take-a-chance ideas of that time.

"We know," she says, "that we're not going to be millionaires for a long while—if ever. But we have decided to be happy earning a decent living and raising a family."

I understand that this change of heart is rather widespread. Like war marriages, boom marriages with their long-shot gamble on bliss are out of the picture now. There is a New Deal in love as well as in economics.

WHEN Parisiennes want to be really smart with their asparagus they fix it like this. Nothing is niftier for luncheon parties.

Cook your asparagus and cut the tender portions of the stalks into ½-inch pieces. You'll need 1½ cups of these. Have ready 1 cup lean ham cut in fine short strips. Cream 1 tablespoon sweet butter and stir in 4 beaten eggs. Blend this with 2 cups lukewarm cream sauce flavored with a little nutmeg and freshly ground pepper.

Now add your asparagus (well drained) and your ham. Pour into a buttered mold. Close the mold and stand in boiling water. The water must reach only ¾ to the top of the mold. Cook 2 hours. Remove. Garnish with asparagus tips and quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

IF you enjoy the pranks and passions of high-school years, read Mild Oats, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. (Published by D. Appleton-Century.) For me, a delightful book.

JEAN HARLOW perfumes her hair. It's quite a fad. So much so that one hairbrush manufacturer is putting out brushes with a perfume container behind the bristles. You scent your tresses automatically.

I tell you this just to show you I'm up to the latest tricks.

TIRE BLOWS OUT CAUSING DEATH OF AGED WO
TIRE BLEW OUT SEDAN CRASHED
CAR HITS POST AS TIRE BLOWS
BLOWOUT CA CRASH; F
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IN SMASHU
Blow-Out Of Tire Result Serious Crash Near Vo Which Chicagoan Loses Others Badly Hurt.
TIRE BLOW OUT CAUSES WRECK
Five persons escaped injury Saturday afternoon in an automobile collision occurring near Whitesburg. A tire on the automobile driven
TIRE BLOW OUT BASIS OF SUITS
A blow-out which resulted in automobile accident, was the b today of two suits filed in the Cumberland county courts New York
oman Hur Blowout Car In
Emma Van I cused at noon
28 Hurt as Bus Hurdles Ditch, Plunges 20 Feet
Tire Blowout Wrecks Ve- Visitors to m School
Family of Four Hurt When Tire Is Blown
Four members of

NEW TIRE *with Life-Saver Golden Ply* IS 3 TIMES SAFER

Are old style tires safe enough? When blow-outs kill or injure thousands of motorists every year, didn't somebody simply have to build a safer tire?

GOODRICH—the oldest tire manufacturer—wasn't satisfied with what was known as "the safest tire ever built"! So, finally, after much research and testing, Goodrich engineers developed the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply.

And by actual tests—on the world's fastest track—the Golden Ply made the safest tire ever built at least 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds!

That, Mr. Motorist, is what the world needed. A tire safer from blow-outs at today's high speeds. That's why people are changing to this new tire by the hundreds of thousands . . . why millions will buy it the next time they buy a tire!

What causes blow-outs

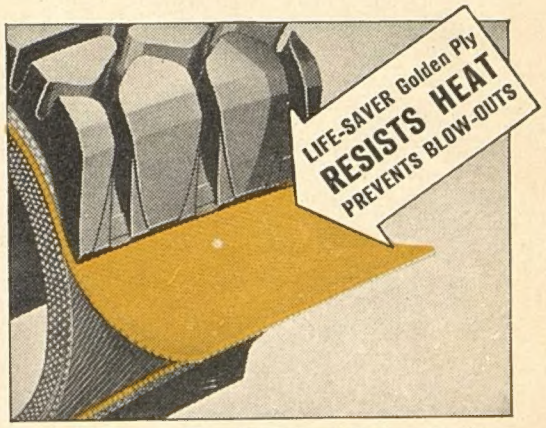
When your speedometer reads 40, 50, 60 and 70 . . . mile after mile . . . the heat *inside* the tire becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . and grows . . . bigger and bigger, until BANG! A blow-out! And a terrible drag pulls your car off the road.

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form. The *cause* of blow-outs is eliminated *before* they start.

Remember—this wonderful protection is *free!* Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost not a single penny more than other standard tires. Look up your nearest Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your Classified Telephone Directory. Put *real* protection between yourself and the road . . . for your family's sake and your own.

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 1¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 131, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Heat generated by internal friction separates rubber and fabric—starts "blisters," which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out.



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Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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...can I help it
if they go so fast!

Chesterfield

THE CIGARETTE THAT'S MILDER
THE CIGARETTE THAT TASTES BETTER

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